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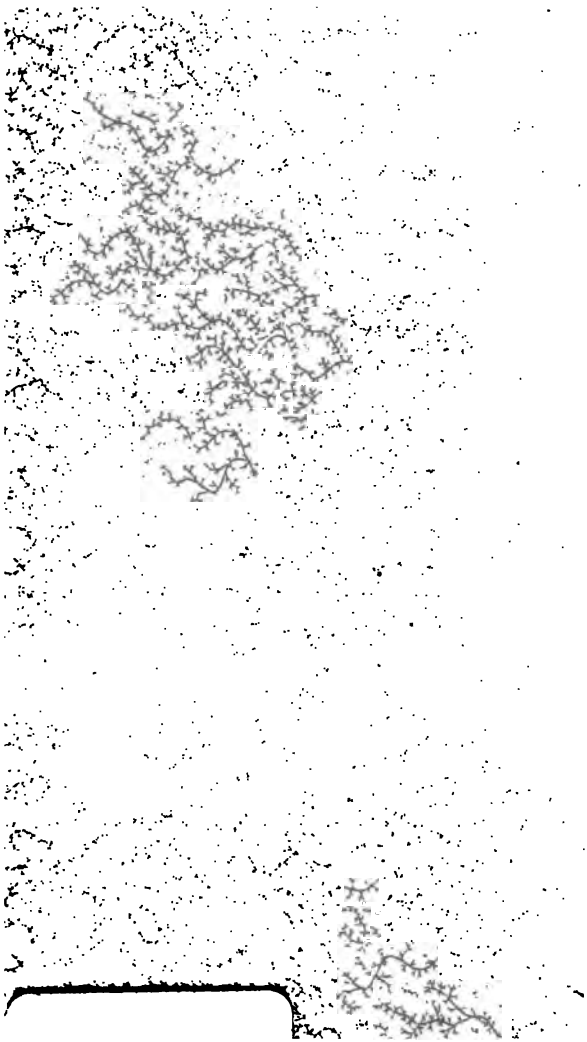

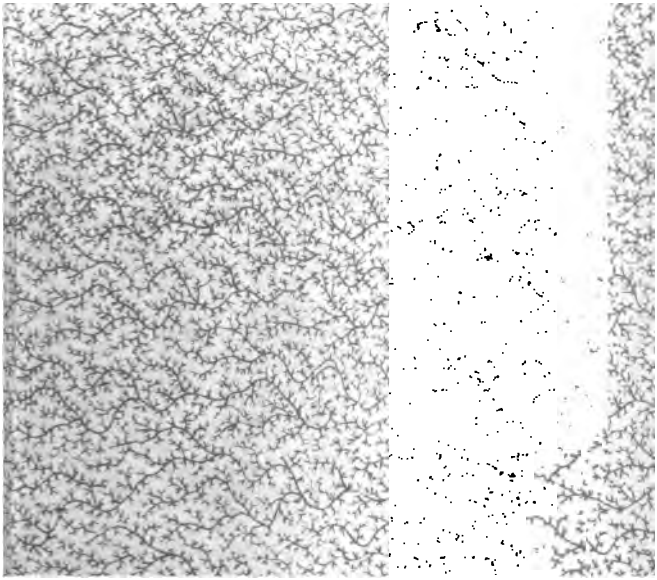

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R87

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE NINTH;

CONTAINING

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.... CORIOLANUS.
JULIUS CÆSAR.

LONDON:
Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court, Fleet Street,
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY; E. HARDING,
PALL-MALL; AND J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.
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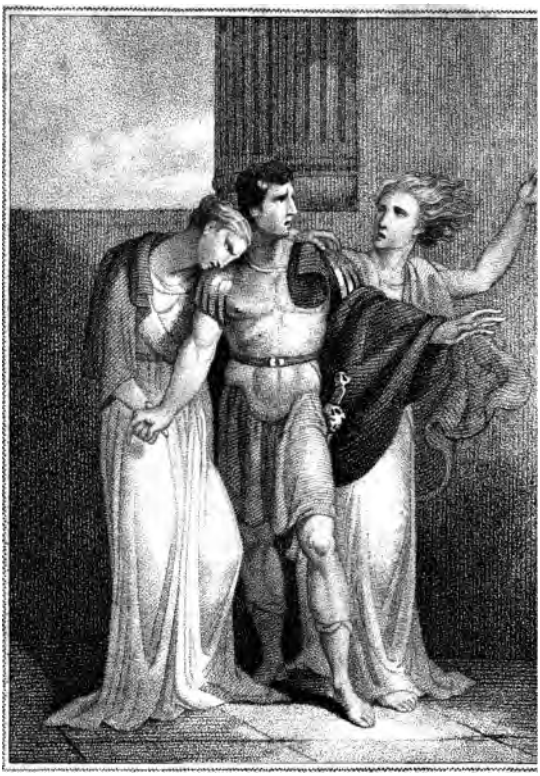

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Troilus & Cressida.

Act 3. Scen.

Harding's Edition.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA,

A

COMEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

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NEW-YORK

London:

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J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1799.

ГІБКУВА
ЫВТС
МЕАЛОЮК

OBSERVATIONS.

tory was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, ſince by Chaucer. POPE.

Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the ſtory of *Troilus and* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom e ſpeaks in *Dan Bartholmewe his firſt Triumph:* "Since *Lol*-Chaucer both, make doubt upon that gloſe,") but Dryden further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verſe, Chaucer tranſlated it. Lollius was a hiſtoriographer of Ur-Italy. Shakſpeare received the greateſt part of his materials tructure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lyd-not much more than a tranſlator of Guido of Columpna, who Meſſina in Sicily, and wrote his *Hiſtory of Troy* in Latin, after Cretenſis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On theſe, as Mr. obſerves, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian hic fiction eaſily admitted; at the ſame time comprehending an the Theban and Argonautic ſtories from Ovid, Statius, and Flaccus. Guido's work was publiſhed at Cologne in 1477, 480: at Straſburgh, 1486, and *ibidem*, 1485. It appears to n tranſlated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from Caxton rendered it into Engliſh in 1471, under the title of his , &c. ſo that there muſt have been yet ſome earlier edition of performance than I have hitherto ſeen or heard of, unleſs his nſlator had recourſe to a manuſcript.

o of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chro-raſton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Creſſida , which very probably might have been Shakſpeare's inducement heir fortune on the ſtage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed ſon, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' company, anno s entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wiſe, between *Troilus* and ." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The firſt of theſe en-in the name of Edward White, the ſecond in that of M. Roberts.

Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the hiſtory of *Troilus* and *Creſſida*." STEEVENS.

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the bookſellers for whom this play was publiſhed in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602. MALONE.

Before this play of *Troilus and Creſſida*, printed in 1609, is a bookſeller's preface, ſhowing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was publiſhed without Shakſpeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookſeller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the firſt of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged, from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, ſeems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakſpeare's plays thought it their intereſt to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the concluſion, theſe words: "Thank fortune for the 'ſcape it hath made among you, ſince, by the grand poſſeſſors wills, I believe you ſhould rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand poſſeſſors*, I ſuppoſe, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival playhouſes at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to *The Malcontent*, written by Webſter, and augmented by Marſton, 1606, is the following paſſage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having intereſt in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo ſexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to *The Engliſh Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are ſtill retained in the hands of ſome actors, who think it againſt their peculiar profit to have them come in print." STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practiſed by writers as well as actors. It ſtands on record againſt *Robert Greene*, the author of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594 and 1599, that he ſold the laſt of theſe pieces to two different theatres: "Maſter R. G. would it not make you bluſh, &c. if you ſold not *Orlando Furioſo* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, ſold the ſame play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching, M. G.?" *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592.

This

This note was not merely inſerted to expoſe the *craft of authorſhip*, but to ſhow the *price* which was anciently paid for the copy of a play, and to aſcertain the *name* of the writer of *Orlando Furioſo*, which was not hitherto known. *Greene* appears to have been the firſt poet in England who ſold the ſame piece to different people. *Voltaire* is much belied, if he has not followed his example. COLLINS.

Notwithſtanding what has been ſaid by a *late editor*, [Mr. Capell,] I have a copy of the *firſt folio*, including *Troilus and Creſſida*. Indeed, as I have juſt now obſerved, it was at firſt either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *liſt* of the plays, and is thruſt in between the *hiſtories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs entirely from the copy in the *ſecond folio*. FARMER.

I have conſulted at leaſt *twenty copies* of the *firſt folio*, and *Troilus and Creſſida* is not wanting in any of them. STEEVENS.

PREFACE to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never ſtal'd with the ſtage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet paſſing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your [r. *that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you ſhould ſee all thoſe grand cenſors, that now ſtile them ſuch vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: eſpecially this authors commedies, that are ſo fram'd to the life, that they ſerve for the moſt common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, ſhewing ſuch a dexteritie and power of witte, that the moſt diſpleaſed with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all ſuch dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his repreſentations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-ſelves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte ſet upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and ſuch favored ſalt of witte is in his commedies, that they ſeeme (for their height of pleaſure) to be borne in that ſea that brought forth Venus. Amongſt all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for ſo much as will make you thinke your teſterne well beſtowd) but for ſo much worth, as even poore I know to be ſtuft in it. It deſerves ſuch a labour, as well as the beſt commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of ſale, you will ſcramble for them, and ſet up a new Engliſh inquiſition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleaſures loſſe, and judgements, refuſe not, nor like this the leſſe, for not being ſullied with the ſmoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the ſcape it hath made amongſt you: ſince by the grand poſſeſſors wills I believe you ſhould have prayd for them [r. *it*] rather then beene prayd. And ſo I leave all ſuch to bee prayd for (for the ſtates of their wits healths) that will not praiſe it. *Vale.*

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the ſcene. From iſles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens ſent their ſhips
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crowmets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ranſack Troy; within whoſe ſtrong immures
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris ſleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's ſix-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with maſſy ſtaples,
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the ſons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning in the middle; ſtarting thence away
To what may be digeſted in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleaſures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *king of* Troy:
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS, } *his Sons.*
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } Trojan *Commanders.*
CALCHAS, *a* Trojan *prieſt, taking part with the* Greeks.
PANDARUS, *Uncle to* Creſſida.
MARGARELON, *a baſtard ſon of* Priam.

AGAMEMNON, *the* Grecian *General:*
MENELAUS, *his brother.*
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS, } Grecian *Commanders.*
THERSITES, *a deformed and ſcurrilous* Grecian.
ALEXANDER, *ſervant to* Creſſida.
Servant to Troilus; *Servant to* Paris; *Servant to* Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to* Menelaus.
ANDROMACHE, *wife to* Hector.
CASSANDRA, *daughter to* Priam; *a Propheteſs.*
CRESSIDA, *daughter to* Calchas.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy, *and the* Grecian *Camp before it.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter TROILUS *arm'd, and* PANDARUS.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why ſhould I war without the walls of Troy,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you muſt tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word —hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herſelf, what goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I ſit;
And when fair Creſſid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when ſhe comes!——When is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look; or any woman elſe.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain;
Leſt Hector or my father ſhould perceive me,
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm,)
Bury'd this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more compariſon between the women,—But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not, as they term it, praiſe her,—But I would ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did. I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter Caſſandra's wit: but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Creſſid's love: Thou anſwer'ſt, She is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe, O, that her hand,
In whoſe compariſon all whites are ink,

Writing

'riting their own reproach; To whoſe ſoft ſeizure
he cygnet's down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
ard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'ſt me,
is true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay—I love her;
ut, ſaying, thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is: if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! how now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as Helen: an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on friday, as Helen is on ſunday. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to ſtay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and ſo I'll tell her, the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *An Alarm.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!
Fools on both ſides! Helen muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Creſſid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſte againſt all ſuit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Creſſid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there ſhe lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourſelf, the merchant; and this ſailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?
Tro. Becauſe not there; This woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?
Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark! what good ſport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But, to the ſport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne.

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.
Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

Creſ. Who were thoſe went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.
Creſ. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the battle. Hector, whoſe patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and ſtruck his armourer;
And, like as there were huſbandry in war,
Before the ſun roſe, he was harneſs'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foreſaw
In Hector's wrath.
Creſ. What was his cauſe of anger?
Alex. The noiſe goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.
Creſ. Good; And what of him?
Alex. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe*,
And ſtands alone.
Creſ. So do all men; unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.
Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh

as the bear, ſlow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humours, that his valour is cruſh'd into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it: he is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no uſe; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no ſight.

Creſ. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They ſay, he yeſterday coped Hector in the battle, and ſtruck him down; the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept Hector faſting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Creſ. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Creſ. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Creſ. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, couſin Creſſid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, couſin? When were you at Ilium?

Creſ. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was ſhe?

Creſ. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; Hector was ſtirring early.

Creſ. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Creſ.

Cref. So he ſays here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cref. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cref. O, Jupiter! there's no compariſon.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you ſee him?

Cref. Ay; if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay, Troilus is Troilus.

Cref. Then you ſay as I ſay; for, I am ſure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in ſome degrees.

Cref. 'Tis juſt to each of them; he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cref. So he is.

Pan. ——'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cref. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf.—'Would 'a were himſelf! Well, the gods are above; Time muſt friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cref. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cref. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you ſhall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector ſhall not have his wit this year.

Cref. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;——

Cref. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cref. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece: Helen herſelf ſwore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs,)—Not brown neither.

Cref. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cref. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cref. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cref. Then, Troilus ſhould have too much: if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cref. Then ſhe's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure ſhe does. She came to him the other day into the compaſs'd window,—and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cref. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cref. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—ſhe came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cref. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his ſmiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cref.

Cref. O, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cref. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cref. Troilus will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. Troilus? why, he eſteems her no more than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cref. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chooſe but laugh, to think how ſhe tickled his chin;—Indeed, ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cref. Without the rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cref. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was ſuch laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cref. With mill-ſtones.

Pan. And Caſſandra laugh'd.

Cref. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cref. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen ſpied on Troilus' chin.

Cref. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cref. What was his anſwer?

Pan.

Pan. Quoth ſhe, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Creſ. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true; make no queſtion of that. *One and fifty hairs,* quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons.* Jupiter! quoth ſhe, *which of theſe hairs is Paris, my huſband? The forked one,* quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was ſuch laughing! and Helen ſo bluſh'd, and Paris ſo chafed, and all the reſt ſo laugh'd, that it paſs'd.

Creſ. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing yeſterday; think on't.

Creſ. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Creſ. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt May. [*A Retreat ſounded.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs toward Ilium? good niece, do; ſweet niece Creſſida.

Creſ. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may ſee moſt bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by; but mark Troilus above the reſt.

ÆNEAS *paſſes over the ſtage.*

Creſ. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you ſhall ſee anon.

Creſ. Who's that?

ANTENOR

ANTENOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the ſoundeſt judgements in Troy, whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon:—When comes Troilus?—I'll ſhow you Troïlus anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cref. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cref. If he do, the rich ſhall have more.

HECTOR *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cref. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there! There's no jeſting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they ſay: there be hacks!

Cref. Be thoſe with ſwords?

PARIS *paſſes over.*

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who ſaid, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good

good now. Ha! 'would I could ſee Troilus now!—you ſhall ſee Troilus anon.

Creſ. Who's that?

HELENUS *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Creſ. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a prieſt.

Creſ. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *paſſes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Creſ. Peace, for ſhame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his ſword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a grace, or a daughter a goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces paſs over the ſtage.

Creſ. Here come more.

Pan.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be ſuch a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cref. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cref. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſuch like, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſon a man?

Cref. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are ſuch a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cref. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wards I lie, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cref. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another!

Enter TROILUS' *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit* Boy.] I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Creſ. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Creſ. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Creſ. By the ſame token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thouſand fold I ſee
Than in the glaſs of Pandar's praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's ſoul lies in the doing:
That ſhe belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love got ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beſeech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp. Before* Agamemnon's *Tent.*

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and Others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition, that hope makes

In

n all deſigns begun on earth below,
'ails in the promis'd largeneſs: checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That, after ſeven years' ſiege, yet Troy walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our works;
And think them ſhames, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter, by itſelf
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy godlike ſeat,
Great Agamemnon, Neſtor ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhall bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like Perſeus' horſe: Where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd greatneſs? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for Neptune. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhow, and valour's worth, divide
In ſtorms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tiger: but when the ſplitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under ſhade, Why, then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyſſ. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up,—hear what Ulyſſes ſpeaks.
Beſides the applauſe and approbation
The which,—moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,—
[*To* AGAMEMNON.
And thou moſt reverend for thy ſtretch'd-out life,—
[*To* NESTOR.
I give to both your ſpeeches,—which were ſuch,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in ſilver,
Should with a bond of air (ſtrong as the axletree
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekiſh ears

To

To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it pleaſe both,—
Thou great,—and wiſe,—to hear Ulyſſes ſpeak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of leſs expect
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Therſites opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyſſ. Troy, yet upon his baſis, had been down,
And the great Hector's ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthieſt ſhows as fairly in the maſk.
The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office, and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the other; whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the ſea? ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is ſhak'd,

Which is the ladder of all high deſigns,
The enterprize is ſick! How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commérce from dividable ſhores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, laurels,
But by degree, ſtand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And, hark, what diſcord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be lord of imbecility,
And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead:
Force ſhould be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice reſides,)
Should loſe their names, and ſo ſhould juſtice too.
Then every thing includes itſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power,
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And, laſt, eat up himſelf. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The general's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,

I

own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
our weakneſs ſtands, not in her ſtrength.
Moſt wiſely hath Ulyſſes here diſcover'd
ver whereof all our power is ſick.
n. The nature of the ſickneſs found, Ulyſſes,
is the remedy?
. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
new and the forehand of our hoſt,—
g his ear full of his airy fame,
s dainty of his worth, and in his tent
nocking our deſigns: With him, Patroclus,
a lazy bed, the livelong day
s ſcurril jeſts;
with ridiculous and aukward action
ich, ſlanderer, he imitation calls,)
geants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
topleſs deputation he puts on;
like a ſtrutting player,—whoſe conceit
in his hamſtring, and doth think it rich
ear the wooden dialogue and ſound
xt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage,—
to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted ſeeming
ſts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks
like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd,
ch, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
ld ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff,
large Achilles, on his preſs'd bed lolling,
his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe;
—*Excellent!*—*'tis* Agamemnon *juſt.*—
play me Neſtor;—*hem, and ſtroke thy beard,*
, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.
t's done;—as near as the extremeſt ends
arallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
good Achilles ſtill cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Neſtor *right! Now play him me*, Patroclus,
Arming to anſwer in a night alarm.
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth; to cough, and ſpit,
And with a palſy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough*, Patroclus;—
Or give me ribs of ſteel! I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And in this faſhion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs, or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain
(Whom, as Ulyſſes ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd; and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts; rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an oracle: and ſets Therſites
(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint,)
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.

Ulyſſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Foreſtall preſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand: the ſtill and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs calls them on; and know, by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies' weight,—

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, cloſet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horſe
Makes many Thetis' ſons. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?

Agam. With ſurety ſtronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;
I aſk, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan ſcorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If that the prais'd himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praiſe, ſole pure, tranſcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourſelf Æneas?
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's ſleeping hour:
That thou ſhalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy braſs voice through all theſe lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who

Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is ruſty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'ſt of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe;
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it,
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouſe a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector ſhall honour him;
If none, he'll ſay in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance. Even ſo much.

Agam. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none elſe, I am he.

Neſt. Tell him of Neſtor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandſire ſuck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian hoſt
One noble man, that hath one ſpark of fire
To anſwer for his love, Tell him from me,—

I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Ulyſſ. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion ſhall I lead you, ſir.
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent;
So ſhall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* ULYSSES *and* NESTOR.

Ulyſſ. Neſtor,——

Neſt. What ſays Ulyſſes?

Ulyſſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Neſt. What is't?

Ulyſſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The ſeeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, muſt or now be cropp'd,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Neſt. Well, and how?

Ulyſſ. This challenge that the gallant Hector ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to Achilles.

Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up:
And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

As

As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great ſpeed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes,
It is moſt meet; Whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from Hector bring thoſe honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a ſportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt palate: And truſt to me, Ulyſſes,
Our imputation ſhall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſéquent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant maſs
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, iſſues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miſcarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, ſhow our foulеſt wares,
And think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,

The

The luſtre of the better ſhall exceed,
By ſhowing the worſe firſt. Do not conſent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our ſhame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.
Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes; what are they?
Ulyſſ. What glory our Achilles ſhares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in Africk ſun,
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockiſh Ajax draw
The ſort to fight with Hector: Among ourſelves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will phyſick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applauſe; and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainleſs Ajax come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Neſt. Ulyſſes,
Now I begin to reliſh thy advice;
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him ſtraight.
Two curs ſhall tame each other; Pride alone
Muſt tarre the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES.

Ajax. Therſites,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Therſites,——

Ther. And thoſe boils did run?—Say ſo,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then would come ſome matter from him;
I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unſalted leaven, ſpeak:
I will beat thee into handſomeneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs: but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didſt itch from head to foot, and

I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſomeſt ſcab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incurſions, thou ſtrikeſt as ſlow as another.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as Cerberus is at Proſerpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs Therſites!

Ther. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſcuit.

Ajax. You whoreſon cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou ſodden-witted lord! thou haſt no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an aſſinego may tutor thee: Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here put to thraſh Trojans; and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? How now, Therſites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whoſoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I ſay, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX *offers to ſtrike him,* ACHILLES *interpoſes.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit——

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I ſhall——

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Patr. Good words, Therſites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Even ſo?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. Hector ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therſites?

Ther. There's Ulyſſes, and old Neſtor,—whoſe wit was mouldy ere your grandſires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therſites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, ſir, is proclaim'd through all our hoſt:

That Hector, by the firſt hour of the ſun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call ſome knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach; and ſuch a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis traſh: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil.

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwiſe,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays Neſtor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage elſe—
As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be ſtruck off:—Hector, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe, the tent that ſearches
To the bottom of the worſt. Let Helen go:
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Every tithe ſoul, 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,

Had

Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The paſt-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waiſt moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie, for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

Tro. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſon. Here are your reaſons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a ſword employ'd is perilous,
And reaſon flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a ſtar diſ-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Make livers pale, and luſtihood deject.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his eſtimate and dignity

As

As well wherein 'tis precious of itſelf
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiouſly itſelf affects,
Without ſome image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of will and judgement: How may I avoid,
Although my will diſtaſte what it elected,
The wife I choſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour:
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,
When we have ſoil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective ſieve,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full conſent belly'd his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the ports deſir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wiſdom Paris went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)
If you'll confeſs, he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Ineſtimable!*) why do you now

The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe;
That we have ſtolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtolen,
That in their country did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caſ. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.

Caſ. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Caſſandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Caſ. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing can'ſt but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practiſe your eyes with tears!
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Ilion ſtand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or elſe let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualify the ſame?

Tro.

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe Caſſandra's mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's ſons:
And Jove forbid, there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights:
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not merely to myſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd queen,

Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the ſubject: then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both ſaid well;
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Ariſtotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy:
The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleaſure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the huſband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known ſhe is,—theſe moral laws

Of

Of nature, and of nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheleſs,
My ſpritely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep Helen ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I preſume, brave Hector would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Heſt. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſy ſpirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the army crept;
This, I preſume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Therſites? what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! 'would, it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me? 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little leſs-than-little wit from them that they have! which ſhort-arm'd ignorance itſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing their maſſy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers; and devil, envy, ſay Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Therſites? Good Therſites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not have ſlipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe

What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?
Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Who's there?
Therſites, my lord.
Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thyſelf in ible ſo many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?
Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Pa- what's Achilles?
Thy lord, Therſites; Then tell me, I pray thee, hyſelf?
Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patro- hat art thou?
Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.
O, tell, tell.
I'll decline the whole queſtion. Agamemnon ads Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patro- nower: and Patroclus is a fool.

les; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therſites is a fool, to ſerve ſuch a fool; and Patroclus is a fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It ſuffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll ſpeak with nobody:—Come in with me, Therſites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch juggling, and ſuch knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *ſerpigo* on the ſubject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-diſpos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He ſhent our meſſengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo; leſt, perchance, he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſay ſo to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyſſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him ſhow us a cauſe.—A word, my lord. [*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aſide.*

Neſt. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyſſ. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt.

Neſt. Who? Therſites?

Ulyſſ. He.

Neſt. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſſ. No; you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Neſt. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh, than their faction: But it was a ſtrong compoſure, a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſſ. The amity, that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Neſt. No Achilles with him.

Ulyſſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſy: his legs are legs for neceſſity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me ſay—he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digeſtion ſake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholeſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him: And you ſhall not ſin,

If

If you do ſay—we think him over-proud,
And under-honeſt; in ſelf-aſſumption greater,
Than in the note of judgement; and worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on;
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And underwrite in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettiſh lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a ſleeping giant:—Tell him ſo.

Patr. I ſhall; and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him.—Ulyſſes, enter.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? Do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Agam. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himſelf: pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever

whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Neſt. And yet he loves himſelf: Is it not ſtrange? [*Aſide.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyſſ. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Untent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

Ulyſſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: Poſſeſs'd he is with greatneſs;
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himſelf: What ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery*.

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.——
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your requeſt, a little from himſelf.

Ulyſſ. O Agamemnon, let it not be ſo!
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,

That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam;
And never ſuffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf,—ſhall he be worſhipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And ſay in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Neſt. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aſide.*

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe! [*Aſide.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fiſt I'll paſh him Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride: Let me go to him.

Ulyſſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, inſolent fellow,——

Neſt. How he deſcribes Himſelf! [*Aſide.*

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſſ. The raven Chides blackneſs. [*Aſide.*

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He'll be phyſician, that ſhould be the patient. [*Aſide.*

Ajax.

Ajax. An all men
Were o'my mind,——
Ulyſſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.
[*Aſide.*
Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo,
He ſhould eat ſwords firſt: Shall pride carry it?
Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aſide.*
Ulyſſ. He'd have ten ſhares.
[*Aſide.*
Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him ſupple:——
Neſt. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praiſes:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aſide.*
Ulyſſ. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.
[*To* AGAMEMNON.
Neſt. Our noble general, do not do ſo.
Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyſſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be ſilent.
Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyſſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreſon dog, that ſhall palter thus with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!
Neſt. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now——
Ulyſſ. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praiſe?
Ulyſſ. Ay, or ſurly borne?
Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected?
Ulyſſ. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To ſinewy Ajax. I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts: Here's Neſtor,—
Inſtructed by the antiquary times,
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe;—
But pardon, father Neſtor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Neſt. Ay, my good ſon.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyſſ. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Pleaſe it our great general
To call together all his ſtate of war;
Freſh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We muſt with all our main of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a lord,—come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flower, Ajax ſhall cope the beſt.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles ſleep:
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, ſir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I muſt needs praiſe him.

Serv. The lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, ſir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I ſhall know your honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Serv. You are in the ſtate of grace. [*Muſick within.*

Pan. Grace! not ſo, friend; honour and lordſhip are my titles:—What muſick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, ſir; it is muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Serv. Wholly, ſir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, ſir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Serv. At mine, ſir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who ſhall I command, ſir?

Pan.

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, ſir: Marry, ſir, at the requeſt of Paris my lord, who is there in perſon; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's inviſible ſoul,——

Pan. Who, my couſin Creſſida?

Serv. No, ſir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the lady Creſſida. I come to ſpeak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeeths.

Serv. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed!

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair deſires, in all fair meaſure, fairly guide them! eſpecially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken muſick.

Par. You have broke it, couſin: and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, ſir,——

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my lord! well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen.

Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out: we'll hear you ainly.

Vell, ſweet queen, you are pleaſant with me.—ry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and moſt eſ-riend, your brother Troilus—

My lord Pandarus; honey-ſweet lord,—

Go to, ſweet queen, go to:—commends himſelf ctionately to you.

You ſhall not bob us out of our melody; If you melancholy upon your head!

Sweet queen, ſweet queen; that's a ſweet queen,

. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſour offence.

Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn; that ſhall it truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words; no, nd, my lord, he deſires you, that, if the king call at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

. My lord Pandarus,——

What ſays my ſweet queen?—my very very ſweet ?

What exploit's in hand? where ſups he to-night?

. Nay, but my lord,——

. What ſays my ſweet queen?—My couſin will fall th you. You muſt not know where he ſups.

. I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer Creſſida.

. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, liſpoſer is ſick.

. Well, I'll make excuſe.

. Ay, good my lord. Why ſhould you ſay—Creſ-no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

. I ſpy.

. You ſpy! what do you ſpy?—Come, give me an nent.—Now, ſweet queen.

. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, ſhe'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, ſweet lord, thou haſt a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins ſo:

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The ſhaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore.

Theſe lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which ſeems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives ſtill:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the noſe.

Par-

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it ſo. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-ſweet queen.—I long to hear how they ſped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, ſweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, ſweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A Retreat ſounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinews; you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland kings, diſarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, Paris:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overſhines ourſelf.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Pandarus' *Orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant, *meeting.*

Pan. How now? where's thy maſter? at my couſin Creſſida's?

Serv. No, ſir; he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Servant.

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creſſid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her ſtraight. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet
That it enchants my ſenſe; What will it be,
When that the watry palate taſtes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction; or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, tun'd too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:

I fear

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Troilus & Cressida

Act 3 Scene 2

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I fear it much; and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight: you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fray'd with a ſprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettieſt villain:—ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Tro. Even ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulſe;
And all my powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majeſty.

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you bluſh? ſhame's a baby.—Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills.—Why do you not ſpeak to her? —Come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo; rub on, and kiſs the miſtreſs. How now, a kiſs in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is ſweet.—Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cres. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we

are taſted, allow us as we prove; our head ſhall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent: we will not name deſert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition ſhall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus ſhall be ſuch to Creſſid, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than Troilus.

Creſ. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Creſ. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hoſtages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere thy are woo'd, they are conſtant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Creſ. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Creſſid then ſo hard to win?

Creſ. Hard to ſeem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the firſt glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headſtrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to ourſelves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſh'd myſelf a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent. See, ſee, your ſilence,
Cunning in dumbneſs, from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cref. My lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe, thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, ſweet Creſſid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,——

Cref. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cref. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot ſhun
Yourſelf.

Cref. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you;
But an unkind ſelf, that itſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone;—
Where is my wit? I know not what I ſpeak.

Tro. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cref. Perchance, my lord, I ſhow more craft than love;
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,

To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will perfume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,

And

And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they have ſaid—as falſe
As air, as water, wind, or ſandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as Creſſid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it; I'll be the witneſs.—Here I hold your hand; here, my couſin's. If ever you prove falſe one to another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all conſtant men be Troiluſes, all falſe women Creſſids, and all brokers-between Pandars! ſay, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cref. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhow you a chamber and a bed, which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
The

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompenſe. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the ſight I bear in things, to Love
I have abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſs'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſt'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted:
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſter'd in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'ſt thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan priſoner, call'd Antenor,
Yeſterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore,)
Deſir'd my Creſſid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath ſtill deny'd: But this Antenor,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negociations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a prince of blood, a ſon of Priam,
In change of him: let him be ſent, great princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter; and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomed bear him,
And bring us Creſſid hither; Calchas ſhall have
What he requeſts of us.—Good Diomed,
Furniſh you fairly for this interchange:

Withal,

Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.
Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd, on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.

Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* MENELAUS.
Achil.

Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus?
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.
[*Exit* AJAX.
Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not Achilles?
Patr. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fallen out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for thoſe honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders,
The love that lean'd on them as ſlippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulyſſes;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulyſſes?

Ulyſſ.

Ulyſſ. Now, great Thetis' ſon?
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyſſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.
Achil. This is not ſtrange, Ulyſſes.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold itſelf.
Not going from itſelf; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf,
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee itſelf: this is not ſtrange at all.
Ulyſſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſsly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applauſe
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;

And

id apprehended here immediately
he unknown Ajax.
eavens, what a man is there! a very horſe;
hat has he knows not what. Nature, what things there
are,
loſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe!
/hat things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
nd poor in worth! Now ſhall we ſee to-morrow,
n act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men creep in ſkittiſh fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is faſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the ſhoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breaſt,
And great Troy ſhrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they paſs'd by me,
As miſers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyſſ. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt; which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: Perſéverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the inſtant way;
For honour travels in a ſtrait ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thouſand ſons,

That

That one by one purſue: If you give way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindmoſt;—
Or, like a gallant horſe fallen in firſt rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in preſent,
Though leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'ertop yours:
For time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by the hand;
And with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps-in the comer: Welcome ever ſmiles,
And farewell goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole word kin,—
That all, with one conſent, praiſe new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt;
And give to duſt, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-duſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worſhip Ajax;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The cry went once on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thyſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.
Ulyſſ. But 'gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.
Achil. Ha! known?
Ulyſſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful ſtate,
Knows almoſt every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehenſive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almoſt, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery (with whom relation
Durſt never meddle) in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would-it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it muſt grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame ſhall in our iſlands ſound her trump;
And all the Greekiſh girls ſhall tripping ſing,—
Great Hector's ſiſter did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice that you ſhould break. [*Exit.*
Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and manniſh grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:

Sweet, rouſe yourſelf; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unlooſe his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then when we ſit idly in the ſun.

Achil. Go call Therſites hither, ſweet Patroclus:
I'll ſend the fool to Ajax, and deſire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Even to my full of view. A labour ſav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with Hector; and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther.

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride, and a ſtand: ruminates, like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to ſet down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and ſo there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhow without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, *Good morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fiſh, languageleſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my embaſſador to him, Therſites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll anſwer nobody; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his preſence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly deſire the valiant Ajax, to invite the moſt valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimous, and moſt illuſtrious, ſix-or-ſeven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bleſs great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,——

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you, to invite Hector to his tent;——

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer, ſir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer, ſir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What muſick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fiddler Apollo get his ſinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain ſtirr'd;
And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Street.*

at one ſide, ÆNEAS, *and* Servant, *with a torch; at ıther,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *Others, with torches.*

. See, ho! who's that there?
. 'Tis the lord Æneas.
e. Is the prince there in perſon?—
ſo good occaſion to lie long,
ɔu, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly buſineſs
d rob my bed-mate of my company.
. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.
·. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
eſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
ıaunt you in the field.
ıe. Health to you, valiant ſir,
ıg all queſtion of the gentle truce:
vhen I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
:art can think, or courage execute.
'. The one and other Diomed embraces.
ɔloods are now in calm; and, ſo long, health:
vhen contention and occaſion meet,
ɔve, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
all my force, purſuit, and policy.
ıe. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion, that will fly
his face backward.—In humane gentleneſs,
ome to Troy! now, by Anchiſes' life,
:ome, indeed! By Venus' hand I ſwear,

SCENE II.

The ſame. Court before the houſe of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold.
Creſ. Then, ſweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He ſhall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Creſ. Good morrow then.
Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.
Creſ. Are you aweary of me?
Tro. O Creſſida! but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Creſ. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
As tediouſly as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curſe me.
Creſ. Pr'ythee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry.——
O fooliſh Creſſid!—I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.
Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter

Enter PANDARUS.

Cref. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking: I ſhall have ſuch a life,——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? —Here, you maid! where's my couſin Creſſid?

Cref. Go hang yourſelf, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her ſay what: what have I brought you to do?

Cref. Come, come; beſhrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!—haſt not ſlept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*

Cref. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'the head!—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and ſee.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You ſmile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cref. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no ſuch thing.— [*Knocking.*
How earneſtly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you ſeen here.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What ſhould he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither;
Go.

As PANDARUS *is going out, Enter* TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Creſſida.

Tro. Is it ſo concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general ſtate of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the ſecrets of nature

Have

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* ÆNEAS.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Creſ. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Creſ. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my lord gone?
Tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above?

Creſ. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'ſt ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'ſt be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Creſ. Good uncle, I beſeech you on my knees,
I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou muſt to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Creſ. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Creſ. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of conſanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Creſſid's name the very crown of falſehood,
If ever ſhe leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;

But

But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—
Pan. Do, do.
Creſ. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before Pandarus' *Houſe.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes faſt upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.
Tro. Walk in to her houſe;
I'll bring her to the Grecian preſently:
And to this hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A prieſt, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!—
Pleaſe you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in Pandarus' *Houſe.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Creſ. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taſte,
And violenteth in a ſenſe as ſtrong
As that which cauſeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs;
No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah ſweet ducks!

Creſ. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly ſaying is,——

——— o heart, o heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where he anſwers again,

Becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrain'd a purity,
That the bleſt gods—as angry with my fancy,

More

More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cref. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cref. And is it true, that I muſt go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cref. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cref. Is it poſſible?

Tro. And ſuddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraſures, ſtrangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Did buy each other, muſt poorly ſell ourſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up into a looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, *Come!* to him that inſtantly muſt die.—
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cref. I muſt then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cref.

Cref. A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the merry Greeks!—
When ſhall we ſee again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,——

Cref. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—
I ſpeak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation; be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cref. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cref. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian ſentinels,
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet, be true.

Cref. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I ſpeak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelty may move, and parts with perſon,
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſy
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin,)
Makes me afeard.

Cref. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor ſweeten talk,

Nor

Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant;
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Creſ. Do you think, I will?
Tro. No.
But ſomething may be done, that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to ourſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within*] Nay, good my lord,——
Tro. Come, kiſs; and let us part.
Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.
Creſ. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere ſimplicity;
Whilſt ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES.

Welcome, ſir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my ſoul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,

Name

Name Creſſid, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Creſſid,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair uſage; and to Diomed
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
To ſhame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praiſing her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
I charge thee, uſe her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou doſt not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free; when I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my luſt: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd; but that you ſay—be't ſo,
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, *and* DIOMED.

[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we ſpent this morning!
The prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready ſtraight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity,
Let us addreſs to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Grecian *Camp. Liſts ſet out.*

Enter AJAX, *arm'd*; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and Others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purſe.
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholick of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood;
Thou blow'ſt for Hector. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

Ulyſſ. No trumpet anſwers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyſſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter

Enter DIOMED, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Creſſid?
Dio. Even ſhe.
Agam. Moſt dearly welcome to the Greeks, ſweet lady.
Neſt. Our general doth ſalute you with a kiſs.
Ulyſſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.—
So much for Neſtor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyſſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns!
For which we loſe our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The firſt was Menelaus' kiſs;—this, mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris, and I, kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiſs, ſir:—Lady, by your leave.
Creſ. In kiſſing, do you render, or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Creſ. I'll make my match to live,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Creſ. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Creſ. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.
Cref. No, I'll be ſworn.
Ulyſſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn.—
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cref. You may.
Ulyſſ. I do deſire it.
Cref. Why, beg then.
Ulyſſ. Why then, for Venus' ſake, give me a kiſs,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cref. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyſſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.
[DIOMED *leads out* CRESSIDA.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe.
Ulyſſ. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, theſe encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader! ſet them down
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *arm'd*; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the ſtate of Greece! what ſhall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

Purſue

ach other; or ſhall they be divided
voice or order of the field?
ade aſk.
Which way would Hector have it?
He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
'Tis done like Hector; but ſecurely done,
proudly, and great deal miſprizing
ght oppos'd.
If not Achilles, ſir,
your name?
If not Achilles, nothing.
Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
xtremity of great and little,
nd pride excel themſelves in Hector;
almoſt as infinite as all,
er blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
at, which looks like pride, is courteſy.
jax is half made of Hector's blood:
whereof, half Hector ſtays at home;
art, half hand, half Hector comes to ſeek
ended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

. Here is ſir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
y our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
t upon the order of their fight,
; either to the uttermoſt,
a breath: the combatants being kin,
ints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.
[AJAX *and* HECTOR *enter the liſts.*
They are oppos'd already.
. What Trojan is that ſame that looks ſo heavy?

Ulyſſ. The youngeſt ſon of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he ſhows;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus ſays Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private ſoul,
Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me.
[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Neſt. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou ſleep'ſt;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well diſpos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You muſt no more. [*Trumpets ceaſe.*
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleaſes.
Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon,
A couſin-german to great Priam's ſeed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And

And this is Trojan; the ſinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: But the juſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Couſin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus ſo mirable
(On whoſe bright creſt Fame with her loud'ſt O yes
Cries, *This is he*,) could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll anſwer it;
The iſſue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As feld I have the chance,) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wiſh: and great Achilles
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And ſignify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Deſire them home.—Give me thy hand, my couſin;
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Underſtand more clear,
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well fam'd lord of Troy, no leſs to you.
[*To* TROILUS.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, ſir; ſhe's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Neſt. I have, thou gallant Trojan, ſeen thee oft,
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekiſh youth: and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as Perſeus, ſpur thy Phrygian ſteed,
Deſpiſing many forfeits and ſubduements,

When

When thou haſt hung thy advanced ſword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have ſaid to ſome my ſtanders-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling: This have I ſeen;
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him: he was a ſoldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Neſtor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Moſt reverend Neſtor, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſy.

Hect. I would they could.

Neſt. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have ſeen the time—

Ulyſſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here her baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulyſſes, well.
Ah, ſir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekiſh embaſſy.

Ulyſſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.

Hect.

Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyſſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.

Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee, lord Ulyſſes, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great ſpirit flew: Anſwer me, heavens!

Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſs'd gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: Stand again:
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil.

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that ſtithy'd Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;—
And you Achilles, let theſe threats alone,
Till accident, or purpoſe, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have ſtomach; the general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, ſince you refus'd
The Grecians' cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. Firſt, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tambourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but* TROILUS *and* ULYSSES.

Tro. My lord Ulyſſes, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyſſ. At Menelaus' tent, moſt princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feaſt with him to-night;

Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Creſſid.

Tro. Shall I, ſweet lord, be bound to you ſo much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyſſ. You ſhall command me, ſir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Creſſida in Troy? Had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?

Tro. O, ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhow their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth:
But, ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekiſh wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Therſites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeemeſt, and idol of idiot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well ſaid, Adverſity! and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be ſilent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palſies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſthume, ſciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach,

bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreſon indiſtinguiſhable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſleive ſilk, thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taſſel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My ſweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or ſtay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.——
Come, come, Therſites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not ſo much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive ſtatue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, ſhould

ould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, rn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass d ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. o be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an wl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not are: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMED, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night,
And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.
Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAM. *and* MEN.
Achil.

Achil. Old Neſtor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſſ. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.
[*Aſide to* TROILUS.

Tro. Sweet ſir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo good night.
[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES *and* TROILUS *following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NEST.

Ther. That ſame Diomed's a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave; I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth, and promiſe, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come ſome change; the ſun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee Hector, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uſes the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. —Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before Calchas' *Tent.*

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio.

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a diſtance*; *after them* THERSITES.

Ulyſſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Creſſid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Creſ. Now, my ſweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Tro. Yea, ſo familiar!

Ulyſſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may ſing her, if he can take her cliff; ſhe's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Creſ. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſſ. Liſt!

Creſ. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Creſ. I'll tell you what:—

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forſworn.—

Creſ. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cref. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyſſ. How now, Trojan?
Cref. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better muſt.
Cref. Hark, one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madneſs!
Ulyſſ. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beſeech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyſſ. Now, my good lord, go off:
You flow to great deſtruction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, ſtay.
Ulyſſ. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo, good night.
Cref. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyſſ. Why, how now, lord?
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cref. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cref. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyſſ. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething; will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She ſtrokes his cheek!

Ulyſſ.

Ulyſſ. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, ſtay; by Jove, I will not ſpeak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—ſtay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles theſe together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Creſ. In faith, I will, la; never truſt me elſe.

Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.

Creſ. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulyſſ. You have ſworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Creſ. Here, Diomed, keep this ſleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyſſ. My lord,——

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Creſ. You look upon that ſleeve; Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O falſe wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whoſe was't?

Creſ. No matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, viſit me no more.

Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens;—Well ſaid, whetſtone.

Dio. I ſhall have it.

Creſ. What this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Creſ. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy maſter now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me; and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it,
As I kiſs thee.—Nay, do not ſnatch it from me;
He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did ſwear patience.

Cref. You ſhall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you ſhall not;
I'll give you ſomething elſe.

Dio. I will have this; Whoſe was it?

Cref. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was.

Cref. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whoſe was it?

Cref. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his ſpirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.

Cref. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never ſhalt mock Diomed again.

Cref. You ſhall not go:—One cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleaſes me beſt.

Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?

Cref. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I ſhall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cref.

Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—
[*Exit* DIOMEDES.
, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
h my heart the other eye doth ſee.—
or our ſex! this fault in us I find,
or of our eye directs our mind:
rror leads, muſt err; O then conclude,
ſway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
[*Exit* CRESSIDA.
A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more,
he ſaid, My mind is now turn'd whore.
All's done, my lord.
It is.
Why ſtay we then?
To make a recordation to my ſoul
y ſyllable that here was ſpoke.
I tell how theſe two did co-act,
not lie in publiſhing a truth?
there is a credence in my heart,
rance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
oth invert the atteſt of eyes and ears;
oſe organs had deceptious functions,
only to calumniate.
reſſid here?
I cannot conjure, Trojan.
She was not, ſure.
Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
Nor mine, my lord: Creſſid was here but now.
Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
we had mothers; do not give advantage
born criticks—apt, without a theme,
ravation,—to ſquare the general ſex
ſſid's rule: rather think this not Creſſid.

Ulyſſ. What hath ſhe done, prince, that can ſoil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.

Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own eyes?

Tro. This ſhe? no, this is Diomed's Creſſida:
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe;
If ſouls guide vows, if vows be ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itſelf,
This was not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe,
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt itſelf!
Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Creſſid!
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides more wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as Pluto's gates;
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as heaven itſelf;
The bonds of heaven are ſlipp'd, diſſolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyſſ. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that ſhall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With ſo eternal and ſo fix'd a ſoul.

Hark,

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Creſſid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a caſque compos'd by Vulcan's ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhipmen do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Creſſid! O falſe Creſſid! falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

Ulyſſ. O, contain yourſelf;
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord adieu:—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head!

Ulyſſ. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; ſtill, wars

and lechery; nothing elſe holds faſhion: A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlaſting gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Caſ. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, ſiſter; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition,
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.
Caſ. O, it is true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound!
Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heavens, ſweet brother.
Hect. Begone, I ſay: the gods have heard me ſwear.
Caſ. The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.
And. O! be perſuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt: it is as lawful,

For

For we would give much, to uſe violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Caſ. It is the purpoſe, that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows, to every purpoſe, muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?
And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſuade,
[*Exit* CASSANDRA.
Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harneſs, youth,
I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now? how now?
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,

The

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who ſhould withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I myſelf
Am like a prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. But thou ſhalt not go.
Hect. I muſt not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave

To

To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you;
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: The gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR. *Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreſon ptifick, a whoreſon raſcally ptifick ſo troubles me, and the fooliſh fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'theſe days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ache in my bones, that, unleſs a man were curs'd, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What ſays ſhe there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV.

Between Troy *and the* Grecian *Camp.*

Alarums: Excurſions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That diſſembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that ſame ſcurvy doting fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that that ſame young Trojan aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whoremaſterly villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, on a ſleeveleſs errand. O' the other ſide, The policy of thoſe crafty ſwearing raſcals,—that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, Neſtor; and that ſame dog-fox, Ulyſſes, —is not prov'd worth a blackberry:—They ſet me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon

upon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come ſleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for, ſhouldſt thou take the river Styx,
I would ſwim after.
Dio. Thou doſt miſcall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!
Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMED, *fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?
Ther. No, no:—I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.
Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*
Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have ſwallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a ſort, lechery eats itſelf. I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The ſame.

Enter DIOMED, *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou Troilus' horſe;
Preſent the fair ſteed to my lady Creſſid:
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

[*Exit* Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: baſtard Margarelon
Hath Doreus priſoner;
And ſtands coloſſus-wiſe, waving his beam,
Upon the paſhed corſes of the kings
Epiſtrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is ſlain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or ſlain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haſte we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter NESTOR.

Neſt. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the ſnail-pac'd Ajax arm for ſhame.—
There is a thouſand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horſe,

And

And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like ſcaled ſculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyſſ. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowſy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck, in very ſpite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together.

Enter

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhow thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, ſhow thy head!

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. Troilus, I ſay! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What would'ſt thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou ſhould'ſt have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I ſay! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'ſt me for my horſe!
Dio. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngeſt brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.
Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of uſe:
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again;
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He ſhall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I ſay!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in ſumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;

I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it:—Wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I ſay.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep yourſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, ſirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The ſame.

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting*; *then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it! Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henn'd ſparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Ther.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A baſtard ſon of Priam's.

Ther. I am a baſtard too; I love baſtards: I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? Take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: if the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: Farewell, baſtard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Reſt, ſword; thou haſt thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his ſhield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the ſun begins to ſet;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, ſtrike; this is the man I ſeek.
[HECTOR *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, ſink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector ſlain. [*A retreat ſound*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets ſound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the ear
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates.
My half-ſupp'd ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheaths his ſwo*
Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeu*

SCENE X.

The ſame.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
[*Within.*] Achille
Achilles! Hector's ſlain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is—Hector's ſlain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.
Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be ſent
To pray Achilles ſee us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marchin*

SCEN

SCENE XI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter ÆNEAS, *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field:
Never go home; here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is ſlain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horſe's tail,
In beaſtly ſort, dragg'd through the ſhameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with ſpeed!
Sit, gods upon your thrones, and ſmile at Troy!
I ſay, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.

Tro. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Addreſs their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who ſhall tell Priam ſo, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a ſcreech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and ſay there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to ſtone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itſelf. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let

Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-fiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS, *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other ſide,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit* TROILUS.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd! O traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a' work, and how ill requited! Why ſhould our endeavour be ſo loved, and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?—Let me ſee:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his honey, and his ſting;
And being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

en, and ſifters, of the hold-door trade,
wo months hence my will ſhall here be made:
ıld be now, but that my fear is this,—
galled gooſe of Winchester would hiſs:
ıen I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
at that time, bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit.*

[redacted]

Coriolanus.

Act 1 Scene 3

Published by the Proprietors of Boydell's

Harding's Edition.

CORIOLANUS,

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

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Ornamented with Plates.

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1799.

OBSERVATIONS.

THIS play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the ſeceſſion to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole hiſtory is exactly followed, and many of the principal ſpeeches exactly copied from the Life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch*.

POPE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble* Roman.

TITUS LARTIUS, COMINIUS, } *Generals againſt the* Volſcians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to* Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*

Young MARCIUS, *Son to* Coriolanus.

A Roman *Herald.*

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the* Volſcians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conſpirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volſcian *Guards.*

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to* Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, *Wife to* Coriolanus.

VALERIA, *Friend to* Virgilia.

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volſcian *Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Meſſengers, Servants to* Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly in* Rome; *and partly in the Territories of the* Volſcians *and* Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with ſtaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Citizen.*

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

Cit. Speak, ſpeak. [*ſeveral ſpeaking at once.*

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die, than to famiſh?

Cit. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholeſome, we might gueſs, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become

come rakes: for the gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt Caius Marcius?

Cit. Againſt him firſt; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end: though ſoft-conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay, it was for his country, he did it to pleaſe his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are theſe? The other ſide o'the city is riſen: Why ſtay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough; 'Would, all the reſt were ſo!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

ıats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.
Our buſineſs is not unknown to the ſenate; they
ıd inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do,
now we'll ſhow 'em in deeds. They ſay, poor
have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know, we have
ırms too.

Why, maſters, my good friends, mine honeſt
neighbours,
ɔu undo yourſelves?

. We cannot, ſir, we are undone already.

I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
ıe patricians of you. For your wants,
ıffering in this dearth, you may as well
.t the heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
: the Roman ſtate; whoſe courſe will on
ıy it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
e ſtrong link aſunder, than can ever
in your impediment: For the dearth,
ds, not the patricians, make it; and
nees to them, not arms, muſt help. Alack,
e tranſported by calamity
r where more attends you; and you ſlander
lms o'the ſtate, who care for you like fathers,
you curſe them as enemies.

Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd
ret. Suffer us to famiſh, and their ſtore-houſes
d with grain; make edicts for uſury, to ſupport
: repeal daily any wholeſome act eſtabliſhed againſt
ı; and provide more piercing ſtatutes daily, to
p and reſtrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up,
ll; and there's all the love they bear us.

Either you muſt
yourſelves wondrous malicious,
ccus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you

A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale 't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, ſir: yet you muſt not think to fob off our diſgrace with a tale: but, an't pleaſe you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midſt o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where the other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, ſir, what anſwer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you.—With a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak,) it tauntingly reply'd
To the diſcontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even ſo moſt fitly
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's anſwer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow ſpeaks!—what then? what then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1 Cit

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?
Men. I will tell you;
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's anſwer.
1 *Cit.* You are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his accuſers, and thus anſwer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Becauſe I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the ſeat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this ſays the belly,) mark me,—
1 *Cit.* Ay, ſir; well, well.
Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all,
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?
1 *Cit.* It was an anſwer? How apply you this?
Men. The ſenators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counſels, and their cares: digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you ſhall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,

And no way from yourſelves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this aſſembly?

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt,
Of this moſt wiſe rebellion, thou go'ſt foremoſt:
Thou raſcal, that art worſt in blood, to run
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome 'vantage.—
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one ſide muſt have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you diſſentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourſelves ſcabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geeſe: You are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice did it. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate: and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt that
Which would increaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye! Truſt ye?

With

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeveral places of the city
You cry againſt the noble ſenate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another?—What's their ſeeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they ſay,
The city is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They ſay?
They'll ſit by the fire, and preſume to know
What's done i' the capitol: who's like to riſe,
Who thrives, and who declines: ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled ſhoes. They ſay, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me uſe my ſword, I'd make a quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded;
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd: Hang 'em!
They ſaid, they were an-hungry; ſigh'd forth proverbs;—
That, hunger broke ſtone walls; that, dogs muſt eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods ſent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With theſe ſhreds
They vented their complainings; which being anſwer'd,
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
(To break the heart of generoſity,

And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'s death!
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroof'd the city,
Ere ſo prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For inſurrection's arguing.

Men. This is ſtrange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Meſ. the news is, ſir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity:—See our beſt elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:—
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.
[*To the* Citizens.

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt* Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. *and* MENEN.
Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the gods.
Sic. Be-mock the modeſt moon.
Bru. The preſent wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the buſineſs!
Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on Marcius, ſhall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius ſhall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the deſpatch is made; and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Corioli. *The Senate-Houſe.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and certain* Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rōme are enter'd in our counſels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this ſtate,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; theſe are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*reads.*
They have preſs'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for eaſt, or weſt: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius *your old enemy,*
(Who is of Rome worſe hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, *a moſt valiant Roman,*
Theſe three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our army is in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhow themſelves; which in the hatching,
It ſeem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhorten'd in our aim; which was,

To

To take in many towns, ere, almoſt, Rome
Should know we were afoot.
2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commiſſion; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they ſet down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O, doubt not that;
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
Till one can do no more.
All. The gods aſſiſt you!
Auf. And keep your honours ſafe!
1 *Sen.* Farewell.
2 *Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment* in Marcius' *houſe.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They ſit down on two low ſtools, and ſew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, ſing; or expreſs yourſelf in a more comfortable ſort: If my ſon were my huſband, I ſhould freelier rejoice in that abſence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would ſhow moſt love. When yet he was but tender-

body'd, and the only ſon of my womb; when youth with comelineſs pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding; I,—conſidering how honour would become ſuch a perſon; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not ſtir,—was pleaſed to let him ſeek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I ſent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I ſprang not more in joy at firſt hearing he was a man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

Vir. But had he died in the buſineſs, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Here me profeſs ſincerely:—Had I a dozen ſons,—each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to viſit you.

Vir. 'Beſeech you, give me leave to retire myſelf.

Vol. Indeed, you ſhall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your huſband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces ſhunning him:
Methinks, I ſee him ſtamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;

Like

Like to a harveſt-man, that's taſk'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breaſts of Hecuba,
When ſhe did ſuckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At Grecian ſwords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.

Vir. Heavens bleſs my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her Uſher.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to ſee your ladyſhip.

Val. How do you both? you are manifeſt houſekeepers. What are you ſewing here? A fine ſpot, in good faith.—How does your little ſon?

Vir. I thank your ladyſhip; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum, than look upon his ſchool-maſter.

Val. O' my word, the father's ſon: I'll ſwear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wedneſday half an hour together: he has ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery; I muſt have you play the idle huſwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threſhold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they ſay, all the yarn, ſhe ſpun in Ulyſſes' abſence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your huſband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earneſt, it's true; I heard a ſenator ſpeak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; againſt whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are ſet down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing,

vailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, ſhe would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good ſweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy ſolemneſs out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers, and Soldiers. To them a* Meſſenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Meſ. They lie in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor ſell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie theſe armies?

Meſ. Within this mile and half.

Mar.

Then ſhall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
ars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
: with ſmoking ſwords may march from hence,
our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blaſt.

nd a parley. Enter, on the walls, ſome Senators *and Others.*

Aufidius, is he within your walls?
. No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
leſſer than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Alarums afar off.*
inging forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
than they ſhall pound us up: our gates,
yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes;
l open of themſelves. Hark you, far off;
[*Other Alarums.*
is Aufidius: liſt, what work he makes
gſt your cloven army.
O, they are at it!
:. Their noiſe be our inſtruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces *enter and paſs over the Stage.*

They fear us not, but iſſue forth their city.
ut your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
hearts more proof than ſhields.—Advance, brave Titus:
do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts,
1 makes me ſweat with wrath.—Come, on my fellows;
at retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
1e ſhall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans *and* Volces, *fighting. The* Romans *are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter* Marcius.

Mar. All the contagion of the ſouth light on you,
You ſhames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaſter you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the wind a mile? You ſouls of geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From ſlaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;
If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volces *retire into* Corioli, *and* MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good ſeconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates, and is ſhut in.*
1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs; not I.
2 *Sol.* Nor I.
3 *Sol.* See, they
Have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*
All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, ſir, doubtleſs.
1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the ſudden,
Clapp'd to their gates; he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, ſenſible, outdares his ſenſeleſs ſword,
And, when it bows, ſtands up! Thou art left, Marcius;
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier
Even to Cato's wiſh: not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtrokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, aſſaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, ſir.
Lart. 'Tis Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city*

SCENE V.

Within the town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, *with ſpoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for ſilver.
[*Alarum continues ſtill afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here theſe movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cuſhions, leaden ſpoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe ſlaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noiſe the general makes!—To him:—
There is the man of my ſoul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilſt I, with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help Cominius.
Lart. Worthy ſir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent for
A ſecond courſe of fight.
Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather phyſical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddeſs, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Miſguide thy oppoſers' ſwords! Bold gentleman,
Proſperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no leſs
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthieſt Marcius!— [*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, ſound thy trumpet in the market-place;

Call

Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they ſhall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS *and forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, ſirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,
By interims, and conveying guſts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their ſucceſſes as we wiſh our own;
That both our powers, with ſmiling fronts encount'ring,

Enter a Meſſenger.

May give you thankful ſacrifice!—Thy news?
Meſ. The citizens of Corioli have iſſued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I ſaw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Methinks, thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Above an hour, my lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the Volces

Held me in chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; elſe had I, ſir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the ſtamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time ſeen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the ſound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man buſied about decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile;
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that ſlave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,

The

The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?

Com. Marcius,
We have at diſadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpoſe.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?

Com. As I gueſs, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have ſhed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me againſt Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the preſent; but,
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your aſking; take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can aid your action.

Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing:—If any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſſer his perſon than an ill report;

If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himſelf;
Let him, alone, or ſo many, ſo minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand.*] to expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all ſhout, and wave their ſwords; take him up in their arms, and caſt up their caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a ſword of me?
If theſe ſhows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great Aufidius
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, muſt I ſelect: the reſt
Shall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight,
As cauſe will be obey'd. Pleaſe you to march;
And four ſhall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having ſet a guard upon* Corioli, *going with a drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Cais Marcius, *enters with a lieutenant, a party of ſoldiers, and a ſcout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, deſpatch
Thoſe centuries to our aid; the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding: If we loſe the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu.

Lieu. Fear not our care, ſir.
Lart. Hence, and ſhut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman *and* Volcian *Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worſe than a promiſe-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a ſerpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within theſe three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maſk'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the higheſt.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me here—
[*They fight, and certain* Volces *come to the aid of* Aufidius.
Officious, and not valiant—you have ſham'd me
In your condemned ſeconds.
[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* Marcius.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

The Roman *Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Flouriſh. Enter at one ſide, COMINIUS, *and* Romans; *at the other ſide,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a ſcarf, and other* Romans.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where ſenators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles;
Where great patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies ſhall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fuſty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall ſay, againſt their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath ſuch a ſoldier!
Yet cam'ſt thou to a morſel of this feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the purſuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the ſteed, we the capariſon:
Had'ſt thou beheld—
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.
Com. You ſhall not be
The grave of your deſerving; Rome muſt know

The

The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worſe than a theft, no leſs than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to ſilence that,
Which, to the ſpire and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: Therefore, I beſeech you,
(In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death. Of all the horſes,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore,) of all
The treaſure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A bribe, to pay my ſword: I do refuſe it;
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flouriſh. They all cry*, Marcius! Marcius! *caſt up their caps and lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *ſtand bare.*

Mar. May theſe ſame inſtruments, which you profane,
Never ſound more! When drums and trumpets ſhall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing! When ſteel grows
Soft as the paraſite's ſilk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I ſay;
For that I have not waſh'd my noſe that bled,
Or foil'd ſome debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many elſe have done,—you ſhout me forth

In

In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes ſauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modeſt are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt yourſelf you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble ſteed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applauſe and clamour of the hoſt,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—Bear
The addition nobly ever!
[*Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and drums.*
All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
Cor. I will go waſh;
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to ſtride your ſteed; and, at all times,
To undercreſt your good addition,
To the fairneſs of my power.
Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſs.—You, Titus Lartius,
Muſt to Corioli back: ſend us to Rome
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I ſhall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now

Refus'd

Refus'd moſt princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I ſometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's houſe; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I ſaw him priſoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor hoſt freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your viſage dries: 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *bloody, with two or three ſoldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?—
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have

I have fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me;
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal force,
(True ſword to ſword), I'll potch at him ſome way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: My valour's poiſon'd,
With only ſuffering ſtain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itſelf: nor ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Againſt the hoſpitable cannon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are, that muſt
Be hoſtages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypreſs grove:
I pray you,
('Tis ſouth the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I ſhall, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we ſhall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beaſts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I ſhall aſk you.

Both Trib. Well, ſir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you too have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sic. Eſpecially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſting.

Men. This is ſtrange now: Do you two know how you are cenſured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we cenſured?

Men. Becauſe you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, ſir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give

your diſpoſition the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures; at the leaſt, if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, ſir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, ſir?

Men. Why, then you ſhould diſcover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates, (alias fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; ſaid to be ſomething imperfect, in favouring the firſt complaint; haſty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and ſpend my malice in my breath: Meeting two ſuch weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguſes) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adverſely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot ſay, your worſhips have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of your ſyllables: and though I muſt be content to bear with thoſe that ſay you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you ſee this in the map of my microcoſm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biſſon conſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, ſir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourſelves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller; and then rejourn the controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience; and, in roaring for a chamberpot, diſmiſs the controverſy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are. When you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a grave, as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or to be entomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince Deucalion; though, peradventure, ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worſhips; more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the herdſmen of the beaſtly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *retire.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were ſhe earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes ſo faſt?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the ſtate hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very houſe reel to night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I ſaw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an eſtate of ſeven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the phyſician: the moſt ſovereign preſcription in Galen is but empiricutick, and, to this preſervative, of no better report than a horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he diſciplined Aufidius ſoundly?

Vol.

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had ſtaid by him, I would not have been ſo fidius'd for all the chefts in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the ſenate poſſeſs'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go: Yes, yes, yes: the ſenate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my ſon the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be ſworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God ſave your good worſhips! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cauſe to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the ſhoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrizes to ſhew the people, when he ſhall ſtand for his place. He received in the repulſe of Tarquin, ſeven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh, there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this laſt expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-ſeven: every gaſh was an enemy's grave: [*a ſhout, and flouriſh.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. Theſe are the uſhers of Marcius: before him
He carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark ſpirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and ſoldiers, and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; theſe
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flouriſh.*
All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, ſir, your mother,—
Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my proſperity. [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good ſoldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, muſt I call thee?
But O, thy wife—
Cor. My gracious ſilence, hail!
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.
Men. Now the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet?—O my ſweet lady, pardon.
[*To* Valeria.
Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.
Men.

Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
A curſe begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee!—You are three,
That Rome ſhould doat on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:
[*To his wife and mother.*
Ere in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good patricians muſt be viſited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd
To ſee inherited my very wiſhes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will caſt upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Then ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.
[*Flouriſh. Cornets. Exeunt in ſtate, as before.*
The Tribunes come forward.

Bru. All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him: Your prattling nurſe
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhewn flamens
Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damaſk, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton ſpoil
Of Phœbus' burning kiſſes: ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever god, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.

Sic. On the ſudden,
I warrant him conſul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go ſleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately tranſport his honours
From where he ſhould begin, and end; but will
Loſe thoſe that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we ſtand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for conſul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napleſs veſture of humility;
Nor, ſhowing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their ſtinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit o' th gentry to him,
And the deſire of the nobles.

Sic.

Sic. I wiſh no better,
Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis moſt like, he will.

Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills;
A ſure deſtruction.

Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul, nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.

Sic. This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall teach the people, (which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as eaſy,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius ſhall be conſul: I have ſeen
The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind
To hear him ſpeak: The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he paſs'd: the nobles bended

As to Jove's ſtatue; and the commons made
A ſhower, and thunder, with their caps, and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, *to lay cuſhions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: How many ſtand for conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them, and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: ſo that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition; and, out of his noble careleſſneſs, lets them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their oppoſite. Now, to ſeem to affect the malice and diſpleaſure of the people,

is as bad as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his country: And his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſy degrees as thoſe, who, having been ſupple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation and report: but he hath ſo planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwiſe, were a malice, that, giving itſelf the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS *the Conſul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other Senators,* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The Senators take their places; The Tribunes take theirs alſo by themſelves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To ſend for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble ſervice, that
Hath thus ſtood for his country: Therefore, pleaſe you,
Moſt reverend and grave elders, to deſire
The preſent conſul, and laſt general
In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himſelf.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,

Rather

Rather our ſtate's defective for requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out. Maſters o' the people,
We do requeſt your kindeſt ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what paſſes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleaſing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our aſſembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We ſhall be bleſs'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been ſilent: Pleaſe you
To hear Cominius ſpeak?

Bru. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, ſpeak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS *riſes, and offers to go away.*

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honour's pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Then hear ſay how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words diſ-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, ſir: yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people
I love them as they weigh.

Men.

Men. Pray now, ſit down.

Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i' the ſun,
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my nothings monſter'd. [*Exit* CORIOLANUS.

Men. Maſters o' the people,
Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter,
(That's thouſand to one good one,) when you now ſee,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of cannot in the world
Be ſingly counterpois'd. At ſixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſs'd Roman, and i' the conſul's view
Slew three oppoſers: Tarquin's ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,
He prov'd beſt man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a ſea;
And in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince,
He lurch'd all ſwords o' the garland. For this laſt,
Before and in Corioli, let me ſay,
I cannot ſpeak him home: He ſtopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into ſport: as waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,

And

And fell below his ſtem: his ſword (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny; aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden reinforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe: then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Re-quicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours
Which we deviſe him.

Com. Our ſpoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets leſs
Than miſery itſelf would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.* Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The ſenate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee conſul.

C

Cor. I do owe them ſtill
My life, and ſervices.
Men. It then remains,
That you do ſpeak to the people.
Cor. I do beſeech you
Let me o'er-leap that cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' ſake, to give their ſuffrage: pleaſe you,
That I may paſs this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Muſt have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the cuſtom; and
Take to you, as your predeceſſors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Shew them the unaking ſcars which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—
Men. Do not ſtand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpoſe to them;—and to our noble conſul
Wiſh we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flouriſh. Then Exeunt Senators.*
Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the people.
Sic. May they perceive 's intent; He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.

Bru.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. The Forum.

Enter ſeveral Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, ſir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he ſhow us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them; ſo, if he tell us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring ourſelves to be monſtrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: for once, when we ſtood up about the corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many; not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn, ſome bald, but that our wits are ſo diverſly colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſkull, they would fly eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; and their conſent of one direct way ſhould be at once to all the points o' the compaſs.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, ſure, ſouthward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe itſelf in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I ſay, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars; wherein every one of us has a ſingle honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O ſir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthieſt men have done't?

Cor. What muſt I ſay?—
I pray, ſir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace:—Look, ſir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's ſervice, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noiſe of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You muſt not ſpeak of that; you muſt deſire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the vritues
Which our divines loſe by them.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, ſpeak to them, I pray you,
In wholeſome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them waſh their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cauſe, ſir, of my ſtanding here.

1 *Cit.* We do, ſir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your own deſert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own deſire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own deſire?

Cor. No, ſir:
'Twas never my deſire yet, to trouble
The poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You muſt think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the conſulſhip?

1 *Cit.* The price is, ſir, to aſk it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhow you,
Which ſhall be yours in private.—Your good voice, ſir;
What ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall have it, worthy ſir.

Cor. A match, ſir:—

There

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt two* Citizens.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may be conſul, I have here the cuſtomary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deſerved nobly of your country, and you have not deſerved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a ſcourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You ſhould account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, ſir, flatter my ſworn brother the people, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle; and ſince the wiſdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly; that is, ſir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountifully to the deſirers. Therefore, beſeech you, I may be conſul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not ſeal your knowledge with ſhowing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, ſir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Moſt ſweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this woolviſh gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needleſs vouches? Cuſtom calls me to't:—
What cuſtom wills, in all things ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lie unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice ſix
I have ſeen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be conſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be conſul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.——
God ſave thee, noble conſul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have ſtood your limitation; and the tribunes Endue

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the ſenate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The cuſtom of requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the ſenate-houſe?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change theſe garments?

Sic. You may, ſir.

Cor. That I'll ſtraight do; and, knowing myſelf again,
Repair to the ſenate-houſe.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL. *and* MENEN.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you diſmiſs the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my maſters? have you choſe this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, ſir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deſerve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, ſir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave yourſelf, but ſays,

He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhow'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.
Sic. Why, ſo he did, I am ſure.
Cit. No; no man ſaw 'em.
[*Several ſpeak.*
3 *Cit.* He ſaid, he had wounds, which he could ſhow in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be conſul, ſays he: *aged cuſtom,*
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*
Your moſt ſweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?
Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or, ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty ſervant to the ſtate,
He was your enemy; ever ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving
A place of potency, and ſway o' the ſtate,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curſes to yourſelves? You ſhould have ſaid,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have ſaid,

As

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature,
Which eaſily endures not article
Tying him to aught; ſo, putting him to rage,
You ſhould have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſolicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Againſt the rectorſhip of judgement?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the aſker? and, now again,
On him, that did not aſk, but mock, beſtow
Your ſu'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly; and tell thoſe friends,—
They have choſe a conſul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

Sic. Let them aſſemble;
And, on a ſafer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: beſides, forget not

With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you muſt
Caſt your election on him.

Sic. Say, you choſe him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather muſt do
Than what you ſhould, made you againſt the grain
To voice him conſul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, ſpare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his country,
How long continued: and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The noble houſe o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's ſon,
Who, after great Hoſtilius, here was king:
Of the ſame houſe Publius and Quintus were,
That our beſt water brought by conduits hither;
And Cenſorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd ſo, being cenſor twice,
Was his great anceſtor.

Sic. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your ſudden approbation.

Bru.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that ſtill,) but by our putting on:
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will ſo: almoſt all [*ſeveral ſpeak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay, paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the ſtream o' the people;
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our ſwifter compoſition.

Cor. So then the Volces ſtand but as at firſt;
Ready, when time ſhall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.

Com. They are worn, lord conſul, ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On ſafe-guard he came to me; and did curſe
Againſt the Volces, for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, ſword to ſword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your vanquiſher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeek him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To* Lartius.

Enter

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! theſe are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do deſpiſe them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Againſt all noble ſufferance.

Sic. Paſs no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paſs'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd againſt him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are theſe your herd?—
Muſt theſe have voices, that can yield them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd

Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to nobleneſs.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them ſince?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then ſhould I be conſul? By yon clouds,
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You ſhow too much of that,
For which the people ſtir: If you will paſs
To where you are bound, you muſt inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit;
Or never be ſo noble as a conſul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonour'd rub, laid falſely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my ſpeech, and I will ſpeak't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, ſir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-ſcented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themſelves: I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our ſenate
The cockle of rebellion, inſolence, ſedition,

Which

Which we ourſelves have plough'd for, ſow'd and ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 *Sen.* No more words, we beſeech you.

Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, ſo ſhall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, againſt thoſe meazels,
Which we diſdain ſhould tetter us, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You ſpeak o' the people,
As if you were a god to puniſh, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That ſhall remain a poiſon where it is,
Not poiſon any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His abſolute *ſhall?*

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall!*
O good, but moſt unwiſe patricians, why,
You grave, but reckleſs ſenators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to chooſe an officer,
That with his peremptory *ſhall*, being but
The horn and noiſe o' the monſters, wants not ſpirit

To

To ſay, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cuſhions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be ſenators: and they are no leſs,
When both your voices blended, the greateſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They chooſe their magiſtrate;
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his *ſhall*,
His popular *ſhall*, againſt a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himſelf,
It makes the conſuls baſe: and my ſoul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupreme, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by t'other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counſel, to give forth
The corn o'the ſtorehouſe gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more abſolute power,)
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the ſtate.

Bru. Why, ſhall the people give
One that ſpeaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reaſons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompenſe; reſting well aſſur'd
They ne'er did ſervice for't: Being preſs'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the ſtate was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ſervice

Did

Did not deſerve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhow'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them: The accuſation
Which they have often made againſt the ſenate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the native
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this boſom multiplied digeſt
The ſenate's courteſy? Let deeds expreſs
What's like to be their words:—*We did requeſt it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debaſe
The nature of our ſeats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the ſenate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-meaſure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worſhip,—
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it muſt omit
Real neceſſities, and give way the while
To unſtable ſlightneſs: purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpoſe: Therefore, beſeech you,—
You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet;
That love the fundamental part of ſtate,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wiſh
To jump a body with a dangerous phyſick
That's ſure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick

The

The ſweet which is their poiſon: your diſhonour
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the ſtate
Of that integrity which ſhould become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has ſaid enough.

Sic. He has ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! deſpite o'erwhelm thee!—
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i' the duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt treaſon.

Sic. This a conſul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit* BRUTUS.] in whoſe name, myſelf
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll ſurety him.

Com. Aged ſir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter

Re-enter BRUTUS, *with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.*

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sic. Here's he that would
Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
[*Several ſpeak.*
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all buſtle about* Coriolanus.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace; ſtay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near; I cannot ſpeak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.
Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, ſpeak, ſpeak.
Sic. You are at point to loſe your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for conſul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd
The people's magiſtrates.
Cit. You ſo remain.
Men. And ſo are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deſerves death.

Bru. Or let us ſtand to our authority,
Or let us loſe it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of preſent death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him.

Bru. Ædiles, ſeize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beſeech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.

Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poiſonous
Where the diſeaſe is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his ſword.*
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourſelves what you have ſeen me.

Men. Down with that ſword;—Tribunes, withdraw while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help Marcius! help
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the people, are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your houſe; be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand faſt;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy houſe;
Leave us to cure this cauſe.

Men. For 'tis a ſore upon us,
You cannot tent yourſelf: Begone, 'beſeech you.

Com. Come, ſir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could bear forty of them.

Men. I could myſelf
Take up a brace of the beſt of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whoſe rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in requeſt

With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and Other*

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's i
mouth:
What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noiſe with*
Here's goodly work!

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the ve
geance,
Could he not ſpeak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himſelf?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He ſhall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath reſiſted law,
And therefore law ſhall ſcorn him further trial
Than the ſeverity of the public power,
Which he ſo ſets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He ſhall, ſure on't.

[*Several ſpeak together*

Men. Sir,
Sic. Peace.
Men. Do not cry, havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes't, that you
Have holp to make this reſcue?
Men. Hear me ſpeak:—
As I do know the conſul's worthineſs,
So can I name his faults:—
Sic. Conſul!—what conſul?
Men. The conſul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a conſul!
Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to deſpatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whoſe gratitude
Towards her deſerved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a diſeaſe, that muſt be cut away.
Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a diſeaſe;
Mortal to cut it off; to cure it eaſy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath loſt,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,

By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to loſe it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and ſuffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The ſervice of the foot
Being once gangren'd is not then reſpected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Purſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence;
Leſt his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unſcann'd ſwiftneſs, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by proceſs;
Leſt parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were ſo,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?
Our ædiles ſmote? ourſelves reſiſted?—Come:—

Men. Conſider this;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill ſchool'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmoſt peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe

Will

Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Maſters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me deſire your company. [*to the* Senators.] He muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's *Houſe.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; preſent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muſe, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vaſſals, things created
To buy and ſell with groats; to ſhow bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of peace, or war. I talk of you;
[*To* VOLUMNIA.
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you have me
Falſe to my nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, ſir, ſir, ſir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo: Leſſer had been
The thwartings of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhow'd them how you were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſs you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, ſomething too rough;
You muſt return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good city
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray, be counſel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my uſe of anger,
To better vantage.

Men.

Men. Well ſaid, noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as phyſick
For the whole ſtate, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.
Cor. What muſt I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Muſt I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too abſolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities ſpeak. I have heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other loſe,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tuſh, tuſh!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, (which, for your beſt ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it leſs, or worſe,
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace
With honour, as in war; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Becauſe that now it lies you on to ſpeak
To the people; not by your own inſtruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with ſuch words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but baſtards, and ſyllables
Of no allowance, to your boſom's truth.

Now, this no more diſhonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would diſſemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at ſtake, requir'd,
I ſhould do ſo in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your ſon, theſe ſenators, the nobles;
And you will rather ſhow our general lowts
How you can frown, than ſpend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; ſpeak fair: you may ſalve ſo,
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my ſon,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having ſtretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones, (for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble, as the ripeſt mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, ſay to them,
Thou art their ſoldier, and being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which, thou doſt confeſs,
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In aſking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf, forſooth, hereafter theirs, ſo far
As thou haſt power, and perſon.

Men. This but done,
Even as ſhe ſpeaks, why, all their hearts were yours:

For

For they have pardons, being aſk'd, as free
As words to little purpoſe.
Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'ſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, ſir, 'tis fit
You make ſtrong party, or defend yourſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence; all's in anger.
Men. Only fair ſpeech.
Com. I think, 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.
Vol. He muſt, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, ſay, you will, and go about it.
Cor. Muſt I go ſhow them my unbarb'd ſconce? Muſt I
With my baſe tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it muſt bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this ſingle plot to loſe,
This mould of Marcius, they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw it againſt the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, ſweet ſon; as thou haſt ſaid,
My praiſes made thee firſt a ſoldier, ſo,
To have my praiſe for this, perform a part
Thou haſt not done before.
Cor. Well, I muſt do't:
Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit! My throat of war be turn'd,

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knave
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears tak
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
Who bow'd but in my stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at deat
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it fr
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their l
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am goi
Commend me to my wife. I'll return confu
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you:
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, l

Let them scale me by invention. I
Will stand in mine honour.

Men. [illegible] people.
Cr. Well, mildly be it [illegible] Peace, I say.

—Peace, ho.

SCENE III.

[illegible]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him [illegible]
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

this present,

content.
ntent:
ider;
which show

Enter an Aedile.

cratches with briars

What will be done?
Ae. [illegible]
Bru. [illegible]
Ae. With [illegible]
Tribunes favour [illegible]
Bru. [illegible]
Can the voices [illegible]
be born by the [illegible]
Ae. [illegible]
Bru. Have you conducted [illegible]
Ae. [illegible]
[illegible]
Are there [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

er further,
zen,
t take
ounds,
dier,

, no more.

full voice,
f hour

o us.
ught so.

If I ſay, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Inſiſting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cauſe.

Æd. I ſhall inform them

Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the preſent execution
Of what we chance to ſentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint,
When we ſhall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.

[*Exit Æd*i

Put him to choler ſtraight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he ſpeaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senate *and* Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beſeech you

Cor. Ay, as an oſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd g
Keep Rome in ſafety, and the chairs of juſtice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the ſhows of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wiſh.

Re-e

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. Liſt to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I ſay.
Cor. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.
Both Tri. Well, ſay.—Peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he ſays, he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which ſhow
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Conſider further,
That when he ſpeaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a ſoldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious ſounds,
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a ſoldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being paſs'd for conſul with full voice,
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Anſwer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.

Sic.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all ſeaſon'd office, and to wind
Yourſelf into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay; temperately: Your promiſe.
Cor. The fires i' the loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes ſat twenty thouſand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would ſay,
Thou lieſt, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your officers, curſing yourſelves,
Oppoſing laws with ſtrokes, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him; even this,
So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,
Deſerves the extremeſt death.
Bru. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of ſervice!
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promiſe that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the ſteep Tarpeian death,
Vagabo

Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people, ſeeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at laſt
Given hoſtile ſtrokes, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the miniſters
That do diſtribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this inſtant, baniſh him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I ſay, it ſhall be ſo.

Cit. It ſhall be ſo,
It ſhall be ſo; let him away: he's baniſh'd,
And ſo it ſhall be.

Com. Hear me, my maſters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He's ſentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me ſpeak:
I have been conſul, and can ſhow from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate, her womb's increaſe,
And treaſure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd,

As

As enemy to the people, and his country:
It ſhall be ſo.

Cit. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whoſe breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whoſe loves I prize
As the dead carcaſſes of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I baniſh you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair! Have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reſervation of yourſelves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as moſt
Abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows! Deſpiſing,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elſewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's baniſh'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people ſhout, and throw up their caps*

Sic. Go, ſee him out at gates, and follow him,
As he has follow'd you, with all deſpite;
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us ſee him out at gates; come:—
The gods preſerve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeun*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and ſeveral young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beaſt
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd maſterſhip in floating: fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in Rome,
And occupations periſh!

Cor. What, what, what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your huſband ſo much ſweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My ſometime general

I have ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning ſpectacles: tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen,) your ſon
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My firſt ſon,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſure to each chance
That ſtarts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee: ſo, if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man;
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the abſence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou haſt years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my ſweet wife, my deareſt mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and ſmile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand:—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we ſee, have ſided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have ſhown our power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.
Bru. Diſmiſs them home.
[*Exit* Ædile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.
Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They ſay, ſhe's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not ſo loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear,—
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome.—Will you be gone? [*to* BRUTUS.

Vir. You ſhall ſtay too: [*to* SICIN.] I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my huſband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a ſhame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadſt thou foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for Rome,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words?

Sic. O bleſſed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wiſe words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell the what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too: I would my ſon
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good ſword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?
He'd make an end of thy poſterity.

Vol. Baſtards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,

As

As I can of thoſe myſteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, ſir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo far, my ſon,
(This lady's huſband here, this, do you ſee,)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why ſtay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing elſe to do,
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.
But to confirm my curſes! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cauſe. You'll ſup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I ſup upon myſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome *and* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, ſir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is ſo, ſir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my ſervices are, as you are, againſt them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The ſame, ſir.

Vol. You had more beard when I laſt ſaw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian ſtate, to find you out there: You have well ſaved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome ſtrange inſurrection: the people againſt the ſenators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our ſtate thinks not ſo; they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive ſo to heart the baniſhment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptneſs, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, ſir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, The fitteſt time to corrupt a man's wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her huſband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in theſe wars, his great oppoſer Coriolanus being now in no requeſt of his country.

Vol. He cannot chooſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall, between this and ſupper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adverſaries. Have you an army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt royal one: the centurions, and their charges, diſtinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, ſir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, ſir; I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium. *Before* Aufidius's *Houſe.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, diſguiſed, and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of theſe fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Leſt that thy wives with ſpits, and boys with ſtones

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle ſlay me.—Save you, ſir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feaſts the nobles of the ſtate,
At his houſe this night.

Cor. Which is his houſe, 'beſeech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, ſir; farewell.

[*Exit* Citizen.

O, world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal, and exerciſe,
Are ſtill together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour
On a diſſention of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity: So, felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he ſlay me,
He does fair juſtice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country ſervice. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. A Hall in Aufidius's *Houſe.*

Muſick within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What ſervice is here! I think our fellows are aſleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my maſter calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter

Coriolanus.

Act. 4. Scene. 5.

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Enter CORIOLANUS.

A goodly houſe: The feaſt ſmells well: but I not like a gueſt.

Re-enter the firſt Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter ſecond Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, ſir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troubleſome.

2 *Serv.* Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. *The firſt meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him o'the houſe: Pr'ythee, call my maſter to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, ſo I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Puſhes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my maſter what a ſtrange gueſt he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I ſhall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an aſs it is!—Then thou dwell'ſt with daws too?

Cor. No, I ſerve not thy maſter.

3 *Serv.* How, ſir! do you meddle with my maſter?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honeſter ſervice, than to meddle with thy miſtreſs:
Thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt; ſerve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and the ſecond* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, ſir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for diſturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comeſt thou? what wouldeſt thou? Thy name?
Why ſpeak'ſt not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not
Think

Think me for the man I am, neceſſity
Commands me name myſelf.

Auf. What is thy name?

[Servants *retire.*

Cor. A name unmuſical to the Volcian's ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou ſhow'ſt a noble veſſel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'ſt thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My ſurname, Coriolanus: The painful ſervice,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankleſs country, are requited
But with that ſurname; a good memory,
And witneſs of the malice and diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhould'ſt bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;
And ſuffer'd me by the voice of ſlaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Miſtake me not, to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere ſpite,
To be full quit of thoſe my baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge

Thine

Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn; ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Againſt my canker'd country with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if ſo be
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhow thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaſt,
And cannot live but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou haſt ſpoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud ſpeak divine things, and ſay,
'*Tis true*; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my ſword; and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe mine arm for't: Thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyſelf and me;
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel elſe to Rome, but that
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly ſenators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your territories,
Though not for Rome itſelf.

Cor. You bleſs me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute ſir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commiſſion; and ſet down,—
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy country's ſtrength and weakneſs,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock againſt the gates of Rome,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe, that ſhall
Say, *yea*, to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Moſt welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *Serv.* [*advancing.*] Here's a ſtrange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him

him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a falſe report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him: He had, ſir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had ſo; looking as it were,——'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be ſworn: He is ſimply the rareſt man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater ſoldier than he, you wot not.

2 *Serv.* Who? my maſter?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth ſix of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not ſo neither: but I take him to be the greater ſoldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, ſlaves, I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

1 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you ſay, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.*

3 *Serv.* I do not ſay, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the truth on't: before Corioli, he ſcotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is ſo made on here within, as if he were ſon and heir to Mars: ſet at upper end o' the table: no queſtion aſk'd him by any of the ſenators, but they ſtand bald before him: Our general himſelf makes a miſtreſs of him; ſanctifies himſelf with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't: he will do't: For, look you, ſir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, ſir, (as it were,) durſt not (look you ſir,) ſhow themſelves (as we term it,) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they ſhall ſee, ſir, his creſt up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; preſently. You ſhall have

have the drum ſtruck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it w
a parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed ere they w
their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we ſhall have a ſtirring world ag
This peace is nothing, but to ruſt iron, increaſe tail
and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, ſay I; it exceeds peace,
far as day does night; it's ſpritely, waking, audible,
full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mul
deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible; a getter of more baſtard childr
than wars a deſtroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis ſo: and as wars, in ſome ſort, may be
to be a raviſher; ſo it cannot be denied, but peace
great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reaſon; becauſe they then leſs need one a
ther. The wars, for my money. I hope to ſee Roman
cheap as Volcians.—They are riſing, they are riſing.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exe*

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the preſent peace
And quietneſs o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Bluſh that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, behold
Diſſentious numbers peſtering ſtreets, than ſee
Our tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown moſt kind
Of late.—Hail, ſir!
Men. Hail to you both!
Sic. Your Coriolanus, ſir, is not much miſs'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth ſtand;
And ſo would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preſerve you both!
Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.
Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.
1 *Cit.* Ourſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wiſh'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
Cit. Now the gods keep you!
Both. Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying, Confuſion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but inſolent,

O'ercome with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one ſole throne,
Without aſſiſtance.

Men. I think not ſo.

Sic. We ſhould by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth conſul, found it ſo.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports,—the Volces with two ſeveral powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepeſt malice of the war
Deſtroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inſhell'd, when Marcius ſtood for Rome,
And durſt not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go ſee this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow,
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this;
Leſt you ſhould chance to whip your information,

An

beat the meſſenger who bids beware
hat is to be dreaded.
Tell not me:
ow, this cannot be.
. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

M. The nobles, in great earneſtneſs, are going
o the ſenate houſe: ſome news is come,
turns their countenances.
'Tis this ſlave;
hip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raiſing!
ing but his report!
M. Yes, worthy ſir,
ſlave's report is ſeconded; and more,
fearful, is delivered.
What more fearful?
M. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
d with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainſt Rome;
vows revenge as ſpacious, as between
young'ſt and oldeſt thing.
This is moſt likely!
. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Marcius home again.
The very trick on't.
. This is unlikely:
d Aufidius can no more atone,
violenteſt contrariety.

Enter another Meſſenger.

M. You are ſent for to the ſenate:
ful army, led by Caius Marcius,

Aſſociated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what ne
Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, a
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To ſee your wives diſhonour'd to your noſes;—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your ne
If Marcius ſhould be join'd with the Volcians,—
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other deity than nature,
That ſhapes man better: and they follow him,
Againſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
Than boys purſuing ſummer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!
Com. He will ſhake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did ſhake down mellow fruit: You have made fair wo

Bru. But is this true, ſir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do ſmilingly revolt; and, who refiſt,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find ſomething in him.
Men. We are all undone, unleſs
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who ſhall aſk it?
The tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: for his beſt friends, if they
Should ſay, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhow'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, '*Beſeech you, ceaſe.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beaſts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your cluſters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Deſperation

Is all the policy, ſtrength, and defence,
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the cluſters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholeſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a ſoldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deſerv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I ſaid, baniſh him, I ſaid, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And ſo did I.

3 *Cit.* And ſo did I; and, to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us: That we did, we did for the beſt: and though we willingly conſented to his baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what elſe?

[*Exeunt* COM. *and* MEN.

Sic. Go, maſters, get you home, be not diſmay'd;
Theſe are a ſide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhow no ſign of fear.

1 *Cit.*

e gods be good to us! Come, maſters, let's
er ſaid, we were i' the wrong, when we ba-

did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt* Citizens.
not like this news.
I.
; to the Capitol :—'Would, half my wealth
this for a lie!
Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

amp; at a ſmall diſtance from Rome.

nter AUFIDIUS, *and his Lieutenant.*

hey ſtill fly to the Roman?
› not know what witchcraft's in him; but
s uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
t table, and their thanks at end;
: darken'd in this action, ſir,
ır own.
I cannot help it now;
ſing means, I lame the foot
n. He bears himſelf more proudlier
perſon, than I thought he would,
did embrace him: Yet his nature
changeling; and I muſt excuſe
t be amended.
Yet I wiſh, ſir,
your particular,) you had not
mmiſſion with him: but either
ıe action of yourſelf, or elſe
left it ſolely.

Auf. I underſtand thee well; and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him. Although it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhows good huſbandry for the Volcian ſtate;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword: yet he hath left undone
That, which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'll carry Rom

Auf. All places yield to him ere he ſits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The ſenators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people
Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,
As is the oſprey to the fiſh, who takes it
By ſovereignty of nature. Firſt he was
A noble ſervant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the caſque to the cuſhion, but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all, not all,
For I dare ſo far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:

And power, unto itſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths, do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath ſaid,
Which was ſometime his general; who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius ſpeak, I'll keep at home.
Com. He would not ſeem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not anſwer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleleſs,
Till he had forg'd himſelf a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, ſo; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!
Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leſs expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a ſtate
To one whom they had puniſh'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he ſay leſs?

Com.

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His anſwer to me was,
He could not ſtay to pick them in a pile
Of noiſome, muſty chaff: He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And ſtill to noſe the offence.
Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of thoſe; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the muſty chaff; and you are ſmelt
Above the moon: We muſt be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuſe your aid
In this ſo never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our diſtreſs. But, ſure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not meddle.
Sic. I pray you, go to him.
Men. What ſhould I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and ſay that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a diſcontented friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs? Say't be ſo?
Sic. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from Rome, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:

The

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*E.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does ſit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, *Riſe*; diſmiſs'd me
Thus, with his ſpeechleſs hand: What he would do,
He ſent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,
Unleſs his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to ſolicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haſte them on. [*Exe*

SCENE II.

An advanced poſt of the Volcian *Camp before* Rome. *The Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am an officer of ſtate, and come
To ſpeak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: It is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it ſo; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verify'd my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground,

I have

I have tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the leaſing: Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *G.* 'Faith, ſir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howſoever you have been his liar, (as you ſay, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, muſt ſay, you cannot paſs. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the eaſy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd dotant as you ſeem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would uſe me with eſtimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go,

eſt I let forth your half pint of blood ;—back,—that's the utmoſt of your having :—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll ſay an errand for you ; you ſhall know now, that I am in eſtimation ; you ſhall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my ſon Coriolanus : gueſs, by my entertainment with him, if thou ſtand'ſt not i' the ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering ; behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father Menenius does! O, my ſon! my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee : but being aſſured, none but myſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with ſighs ; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods aſſuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who, like a block, hath denied my acceſs to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others : Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volcian breaſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger, than

Yo

Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy ſake, [*Gives a letter.*
And would have ſent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee ſpeak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'ſt—

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *G.* Now, ſir, is your name Menenius.

2 *G.* 'Tis a ſpell, you ſee, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are ſhent for keeping your greatneſs back?

2 *G.* What cauſe, do you think, I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, you are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worſt. For you, be that you are, long; and your miſery increaſe with your age! I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and Others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our hoſt.—My partner in this action,
You muſt report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have born this buſineſs.

Auf. Only their ends
You have reſpected; ſtopp'd your ears againſt

The

'he general ſuit of Rome; never admitted
a private whiſper, no, not with ſuch friends
'hat thought them ſure of you.
Cor. This laſt old man,
Vhom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to Rome,
.ov'd me above the meaſure of a father;
Jay, godded me, indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old love, I have
(Though I ſhow'd ſourly to him,) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions, which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Freſh embaſſies, and ſuits,
Nor from the ſtate, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what ſhout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremoſt; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.—
What is that curt'ſy worth? or thoſe dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forſworn?—I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill ſhould
In ſupplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces

Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Coriolanus.

Act. 5. Scene. 3.

Published 1st Nov. 1798 by Turner & Wood, Pentrich.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble ſiſter of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaſte as the icicle,
That's curded by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May ſhow like all yourſelf.
Cor. The god of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleneſs; that thou may'ſt prove
To ſhame unvulnerable, and ſtick i' the wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myſelf,
Are ſuitors to you.
Cor. I beſeech you, peace:
Or, if you'd aſk, remember this before;
The things, I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: Deſire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have ſaid, you will not grant us any thing!
For we have nothing elſe to aſk, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will aſk;
That, if you fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs: therefore hear us.

Cor. Auſidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your requeſt?

Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment
And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We have led ſince thy exile. Think with thyſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow
Making the mother, wife, and child, to ſee
The ſon, the huſband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's moſt capital: thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we muſt loſe
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win: for either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our ſtreets; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, till
Theſe wars determine: if I cannot perſuade thee
Rather to ſhow a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one, thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not,) on thy mother's womb
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He ſhall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to ſee.
I have ſat too long. [*riſing.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the Romans, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poiſonous of your honour: No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May ſay, *This mercy we have ſhow'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all hail to thee, and cry, *Be bleſs'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with curſes;
Whoſe chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out;
Deſtroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the enſuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected the fine ſtrains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy ſulphur with a bolt
That ſhould but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;

Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the ſtocks. Thou haſt never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courteſy;
When ſhe, (poor hen!) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: But, if it be not ſo,
Thou art not honeſt; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees.
To his ſurname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
This is the laſt;—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our petition with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our deſpatch:
I am huſh'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll ſpeak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!
[*holding* VOLUMNIA *by the hands,*]
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your ſon,—believe it, O, believe it,
Moſt dangerouſly you have with him prevail'd,

If not moſt mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my ſtead, ſay, would you have heard
A mother leſs? or granted leſs, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be ſworn, you were:
And, ſir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But, good ſir,
What peace you'll make, adviſe me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cauſe.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou haſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myſelf a former fortune. [*Aſide.*

[*The ladies make ſigns to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;
[*to* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*
But we will drink together; and you ſhall bear
A better witneſs back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counterſeal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deſerve
To have a temple built you: all the ſwords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-ſtone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the ladies of Rome, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I ſay, there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenced, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horſe. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his ſtate, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that ſhall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all ſwearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the news?
Meſſ. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volces are diſlodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulſion of the Tarquins.
Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain, this is true? is it moſt certain?
Meſſ. As certain, as I know the ſun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch ſo hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets and hautboys ſounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting alſo within.*
The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the ſhouting Romans,
Make the ſun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of conſuls, ſenators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, ſuch as you,
A ſea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;

This

This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and muſick.*
Sic. Firſt, the gods bleſs you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.
Meſſ. Sir, we have all
Great cauſe to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Meſſ. Almoſt at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and* People. *They paſs over the ſtage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroneſs, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praiſe the gods,
And make triumphant fires; ſtrew flowers before them
Unſhout the noiſe that baniſh'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—
All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome!
[*A flouriſh with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antium. *A publick Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with* Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,

Bid

Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himſelf with words: Deſpatch.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Enter three or four Conſpirators *of* AUFIDIUS' *faction.*

Moſt welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms empoiſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.

2 *Con.* Moſt noble ſir,
If you do hold the ſame intent wherein
You wiſh'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs,

When

When he did ſtand for conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping,—

Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Preſented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chooſe
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took ſome pride
To do myſelf this wrong: till, at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no leſs ſpoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he ſold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore ſhall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the people.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a poſt,

With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.
Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the city.*

Lords. You are moſt welcome home.
Auf. I have not deſerv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the laſt, I think,
Might have found eaſy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, anſwering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuſe.
Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drums and colours; a crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your ſoldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our ſpoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoiſe, a full third part,

The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no leſs honour to the Antiates,
Than ſhame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subſcrib'd by the conſuls and patricians,
Together with the ſeal o'the ſenate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marciu

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Doſt thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the ſtate, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of ſalt, your city Rome
(I ſay, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk; never admitting
Counſel o' the war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

(Who wears my ſtripes impreſs'd on him; that muſt bear
My beating to his grave;) ſhall join to thruſt
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me ſpeak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! Falſe hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*ſeveral ſpeak at once.*

Cit. [*ſpeaking promiſcuouſly.*] Tear him to pieces, do it preſently. He kill'd my ſon;—my daughter;—He kill'd my couſin Marcus;—He kill'd my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His laſt offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With ſix Aufidiuſes, or more, his tribe,
To uſe my lawful ſword!

Auf. Inſolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS *and the* Conſpirators *draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls, and* AUFIDIUS *ſtands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble maſters, hear me ſpeak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Maſters all, be quiet; Put up your ſwords.

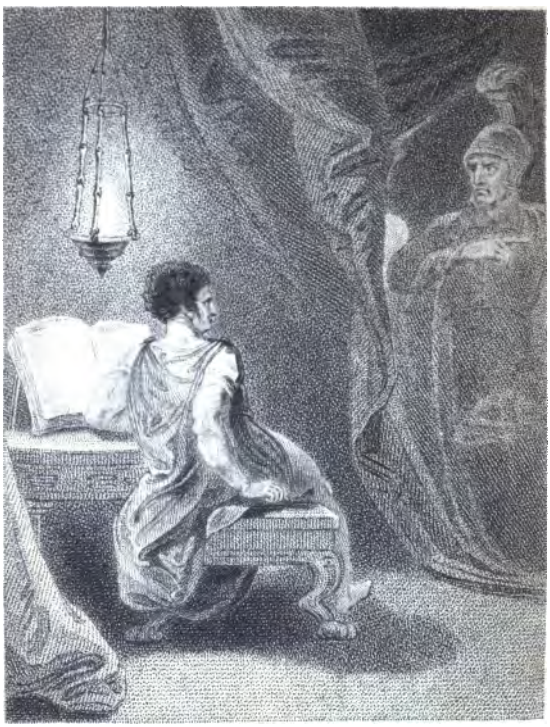
Auf. My lords, when you ſhall know (as in this rage, Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your honours To call me to your ſenate, I'll deliver Myſelf your loyal ſervant, or endure Your heavieſt cenſure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him: let him be regarded As the moſt noble corſe, that ever herald Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the beſt of it.

Auf. My rage is gone, And I am ſtruck with ſorrow.—Take him up:— Help three o' the chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be one.— Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully: Trail your ſteel pikes.—Though in this city he Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one, Which to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.—

Aſſiſt. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of* CORIOLANUS. *A dead march ſounded.*



Thurston, del.ᵗ — Grainger sculp.ᵗ

Julius Cæsar.

Act. I. Scene. 3.

Published Jan. 1. 1800. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

Harding's Edition.

JULIUS CÆSAR,

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1799.

OBSERVATIONS.

IT appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious Hiſtorical Pieces*, &c. (appended to his *Memoirs*, &c. *of Oliver Cromwell*,) p. 14, that a Latin play on this ſubject had been written. "Epilogus Cæſaris interfecti, quomodo in ſcenam prodiit ea res, acta, in Eccleſia Chriſti, Oxon. Qui Epilogus a Magiſtro Ricardo Eedes, et ſcriptus et in proſcenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whoſe *Wit's Commonwealth* was publiſhed in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the beſt tragic writers of that time. STEEVENS.

From ſome words ſpoken by Polonius in *Hamlet*, I think it probable that there was an *Engliſh* play on this ſubject, before Shakſpeare commenced a writer for the ſtage.

Stephen Goſſon, in his *School of Abuſe*, 1579, mentions a play entitled *The Hiſtory of Cæſar and Pompey*.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the ſtory and with the title of *Julius Cæſar*. It may be preſumed that Shakeſpeare's play was poſterior to his; for lord Sterline, when he compoſed his *Julius Cæſar* was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the moſt eminent dramatick writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæſar, which is not exhibited but related to the audience, forms the cataſtrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel paſſages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the ſame ſource. However, there are ſome reaſons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

A paſſage in *The Tempeſt*, (p. 127,) ſeems to have been copied from one in *Darius*, another play of lord Sterline's, printed at Edinburgh in 1603. His *Julius Cæſar* appeared in 1607, at a time when he was little acquainted with Engliſh writers; for both theſe pieces abound with ſcotticiſms, which in the ſubſequent folio edition, 1637, he

he corrected. But neither *The Tempeſt* nor the *Julius Cæſar* of our author was printed till 1623.

It ſhould alſo be remembered, that our author has ſeveral plays, founded on ſubjects which had been previouſly treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *King Richard II.* the two parts of *King Henry IV.* *King Henry V.* *King Richard III.* *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Meaſure for Meaſure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and, I believe, *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever preſumed to new model a ſtory that had already employed the pen of Shakſpeare. On all theſe grounds it appears more probable, that Shakſpeare was indebted to lord Sterline, than that lord Sterline borrowed from Shakſpeare. If this reaſoning be juſt, this play could not have appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. MALONE.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæſar* is as follows: About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, a frantick feſtival, ſacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæſar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March, in the ſame year, he was ſlain. Nov. 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a ſmall iſland, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjuſted their cruel proſcription.—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Caſſius were defeated near Philippi. UPTON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
} *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Julius Cæſar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA,
} *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.

FLAVIUS, *and* MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophiſt of* Cnidos.

A Soothſayer.

CINNA, *a Poet. Another* Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young* CATO, VOLUMNIUS; *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DANIUS; *Servants to* Brutus.

PINDARUS, *Servant to* Caſſius.

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to* Cæſar.

PORTIA, *Wife to* Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *during a great part of the play, at* Rome: *afterwards at* Sardis, *and near* Philippi.

'LIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

'LAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Flavius.

ICE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
this a holiday? What! know you not,
ıechanical, you ought not walk,
labouring day, without the ſign
profeſſion?—Speak, what trade art thou?
Why, ſir, a carpenter.
Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
loſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?—
r; what trade are you?
Truly, ſir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am
you would ſay, a cobbler.
But what trade art thou? anſwer me directly.
A trade, ſir, that, I hope, I may uſe with a ſafe
ıce; which is, indeed, ſir, a mender of bad ſoals.
What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
ade?
Nay, I beſeech you, ſir, be not out with me:
ou be out, ſir, I can mend you.
What meaneſt thou by that? Mend me, thou
llow?
Why, ſir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, ſir, all that I live by is, with the meddle with no tradeſman's matters, nor women ters, but with awl. I am, indeed, ſir, a ſurgeo ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cov As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather, h upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, ſir, to wear out their ſhoes, to ge into more work. But, indeed, ſir, we make hol ſee Cæſar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conqueſt br home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have ſat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To ſee great Pompey paſs the ſtreets of Rome:
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in her concave ſhores?
And do you now put on your beſt attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
See, whe'r their baſeſt metal be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-tied in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Diſrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do ſo?
You know, it is the feaſt of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæſar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers pluck'd from Cæſar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A publick Place.

Enter, in proceſſion, with muſick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the courſe*; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great crowd following*; *among them a* Soothſayer.

Cæſ. Calphurnia,—
Caſca. Peace, ho! Cæſar ſpeaks. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Cæſ. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæſ. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his courſe.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæſar, my lord.

Cæſ. Forget not, in your ſpeed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders ſay,
The barren, touched in this holy chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril curſe.

Ant. I ſhall remember:
When Cæſar ſays, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæſ. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Muſick.*

Sooth. Cæſar.

Cæſ. Ha! Who calls?

Caſca. Bid every noiſe be ſtill:—Peace yet again.
[*Muſick ceaſes.*

Cæſ. Who is it in the preſs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſick,
Cry, Cæſar: Speak; Cæſar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæſ. What man is that?

Bru. A ſoothſayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.

Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæſar.

Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæſ. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—paſs.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?

Bru. Not I.

Caſ. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gameſome: I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in Antony.

Let

:t me not hinder, Caſſius, your deſires!
l leave you.
Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late:
have not from your eyes that gentleneſs,
nd ſhow of love, as I was wont to have:
ou bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
ver your friend that loves you.
Bru. Caſſius,
e not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
turn the trouble of my countenance
lerely upon myſelf. Vexed I am,
f late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
onceptions only proper to myſelf,
/hich give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
ut let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
Among which number, Caſſius, be you one;)
or conſtrue any further my neglect,
han that poor Brutus, with himſelf at war,
orgets the ſhows of love to other men.
Caſ. Then, Brutus, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
r means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
houghts of great value, worthy cogitations.
ell me, good Brutus, can you ſee your face?
Bru. No, Caſſius: for the eye ſees not itſelf,
it by reflection, by ſome other things.
Caſ. 'Tis juſt:
nd it is very much lamented, Brutus,
nat you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
our hidden worthineſs into your eye,
nat you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
here many of the beſt reſpect in Rome,
xcept immortal Cæſar,) ſpeaking of Brutus,
nd groaning underneath this age's yoke,
ave wiſh'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Caſſius,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, ſince you know you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflection, I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſter; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flouriſh, and ſhout*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the people
Chooſe Cæſar for their king.

Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.

Bru. I would not, Caſſius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the ſubject of my ſtory.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my ſingle ſelf,

I ha

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as Cæſar; ſo were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and guſty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her ſhores,
Cæſar ſaid to me, *Dar'ſt thou*, Caſſius, *now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And ſwim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, *Help me*, Caſſius, *or I ſink.*
I, as Æneas, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his ſhoulder
The old Anchiſes bear, ſo, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæſar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Caſſius is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſsly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this god did ſhake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the world,
Did loſe his luſtre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, *Give me ſome drink*, Titinius,
As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*
Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.
Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world,
Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome time are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæſar: What ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar. [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his ſtate in Rome,
As eaſily as a king.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What

What you would work me to, I have ſome aim:
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter; for this preſent,
I would not, ſo with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer, ſuch high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of Rome
Under theſe hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ. I am glad, that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhow of fire from Brutus,

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæſar is returning.

Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck Caſca by the ſleeve;
And he will, after his four faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do ſo:—But, look you, Caſſius,
The angry ſpot doth glow on Cæſar's brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with ſuch ferret and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſs'd in conference by ſome ſenators.

Caſ. Caſca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæſ. Antonius.

Ant. Cæſar.

Cæſ. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep o'nights:

Yond'

Yond' Caſſius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: ſuch men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæſar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæſ. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid
So ſoon as that ſpare Caſſius. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou doſt, Antony; he hears no muſick:
Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæſar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR, *and his train.* CASCA *ſtays behind.*

Caſca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, Caſca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæſar looks ſo ſad.

Caſca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aſk Caſca what hath chanc'd.

Caſca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand; thus and then the people fell a' ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice; What was the laſt cry for?

Caſca.

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caſca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Caſca.

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw Mark Antony offer him a crown:—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and ſtill as he refuſed it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath becauſe Cæſar refuſed the crown, that it had almoſt choked Cæſar; for he ſwoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But, ſoft, I pray you: What, did Cæſar ſwoon?

Caſca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſ. No, Cæſar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honeſt Caſca, we have the falling ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am ſure, Cæſar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleaſed, and diſpleaſed them,

them, as they uſe to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refuſed the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid, any thing amiſs, he deſired their worſhips to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I ſtood, cried, *Alas, good ſoul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæſar had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away?

Caſca. Ay.

Caſ. Did Cicero ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke Greek.

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But thoſe, that underſtood him, ſmiled at one another, and ſhook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling ſcarfs off Cæſar's images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to-night, Caſca?

Caſca. No, I am promiſed forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Caſca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Caſ. Good; I will expect you.

Caſca

Caſca. Do ſo: Farewell, both. [*Exit* CASCA.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.

Caſ. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeneſs is a ſauce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And ſo it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I ſee,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Caſſius,
He ſhould not humour me. I will this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæſar ſeat him ſure;
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from oppoſite ſides, CASCA, *with his ſword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Caſca: Brought you Cæſar home?
Why are you breathleſs? and why ſtare you ſo?

Caſca. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have ſeen
The ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtrife in heaven;
Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Caſca. A common ſlave (you know him well by ſight,)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, (I have not ſince put up my ſword,)
Againſt the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghaſtly women,
Transformed with their fear; who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the ſtreets.
And, yeſterday, the bird of night did ſit,

Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and ſhrieking. When theſe prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their reaſons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes Cæſar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Caſca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Caſca: this diſturbed ſky
Is not to walk in.

Caſca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Caſ. Who's there?

Caſca. A Roman.

Caſ. Caſca, by your voice.

Caſca. Your ear is good. Caſſius, what night is this?

Caſ. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.

Caſca. Who ever knew the heavens menace ſo?

Caſ. Thoſe, that have known the earth ſo full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Caſca, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone:
And, when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heaven, I did preſent myſelf
Even in the aim and very flaſh of it.

Caſca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When

When the moſt mighty gods, by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.

Caſ. You are dull, Caſca; and thoſe ſparks of life
That ſhould be in a Roman, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt yourſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
Why birds, and beaſts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all theſe things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear, and warning,
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate. Now could I, Caſca,
Name to thee a man moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth a lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſca. 'Tis Cæſar that you mean: Is it not, Caſſius?

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits;
Our yoke and ſufferance ſhow us womaniſh.

Caſca. Indeed, they ſay, the ſenators to-morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh Cæſar as a king:
And he ſhall wear his crown, by ſea, and land,
In every place, ſave here in Italy.

Caſ. I know where I will wear this dagger then;

Caſ

Caſſius from bondage will deliver Caſſius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit;
But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
If I know this, know all the world beſides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould Cæſar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees, the Romans are but ſheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws: What traſh is Rome,
What rubbiſh, and what offal, when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæſar? But, O, grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My anſwer muſt be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſca. You ſpeak to Caſca; and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs;
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Caſca, I have mov'd already

Some certain of the nobleſt-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous conſequence;
And I do know, by this, they ſtay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Caſca. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in
Caſ. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haſte you ſo?
Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cin
Caſ. No, it is Caſca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.
Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for, Cinna? Tell me.
Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Caſſius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—
Caſ. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this pa
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: ſet this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' ſtatue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers as you bade me.

Caſ. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Caſca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his houſe: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthineſs.

Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. Brutus's *Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progreſs of the ſtars,
Give gueſs how near to day.—Lucius, I ſay!—
I would it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I ſay: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuſe of greatneſs is, when it disjoins
Remorſe from power: And, to ſpeak truth of Cæſar,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto

Julius Cäsar.

Act. 2. Scene. 1.

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: So Cæſar may;
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And, ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, ſir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus ſeal'd up; and, I am ſure,
I did not lie there, when I went to bed.
Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc. I know not, ſir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, ſir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thyſelf.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, ſtrike, redreſs!
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt; awake,—
Such inſtigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome, &c. Thus muſt I piece it out;
Shall Rome ſtand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs!—Am I entreated then
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O Rome! I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiveſt
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is waſted fourteen days. [*Knock within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; ſomebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Caſſius firſt did whet me againſt Cæſar,
I have not ſlept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal inſtruments,
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Caſſius at the door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, ſir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, ſir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may diſcover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhow thy dangerous brow by night,
When

When evils are moſt free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To maſk thy monſtrous viſage? Seek none, conſpiracy;
Hide it in ſmiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native ſemblance on,
Not Erebus itſelf were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Caſ. I think, we are too bold upon your reſt:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I theſe men, that come along with you?

Caſ. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of yourſelf,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Caſ. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Caſ. This, Caſca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Caſ. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whiſper.*

Dec. Here lies the eaſt: Doth not the day break here?

Caſca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, ſir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are meſſengers of day.

Caſca. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my ſword, the ſun ariſes;

Which is a great way growing on the ſouth,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He firſt preſents his fire; and the high eaſt
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe,—
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-ſighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
To prick us to redreſs? what other bond,
Than ſecret Romans, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad cauſes ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not ſtain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits,
To think, that, or our cauſe, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he do break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſs'd from him.

Caſ.

Caſ. But what of Cicero? Shall we found him?
I think, he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.

Caſca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildneſs, ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Caſ. Then leave him out.

Caſca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only Cæſar?

Caſ. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of Cæſar,
Should outlive Cæſar: We ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver: and you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæſar, fall together.

Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, Caius Caſſius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæſar.
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of Cæſar;
And in the ſpirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæſar's ſpirit,
And not diſmember Cæſar! But, alas,
Cæſar muſt bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'erſway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermoſt?

Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæſar hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.

Caſ. The morning comes upon us; We'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, diſperſe yourſelves: but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhow yourſelves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy:
And ſo, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.

Boy! Lucius!—Faſt aſleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yeſternight, at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your arms acroſs:
And when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further, then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep:
And, could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours

Of

Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus ſick;
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his ſickneſs? No, my Brutus;
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had reſort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.

Think

Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo huſbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the characery of my ſad brows:—
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit.* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that, knocks?

Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus ſpake of.—
Boy, ſtand aſide.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you choſe out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not ſick!

Lig. I am not ſick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of Rome!
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,

And

And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make ſick men whole.
Lig. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?
Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my Caius,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it muſt be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in Cæſar's *Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his Night-gown.*

Cæſ. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her ſleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæſar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæſ. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæſar? Think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to-day.

Cæſ. Cæſar ſhall forth: The things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they ſhall ſee
The face of Cæſar, they are vaniſhed.

Cal. Cæſar, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and ſquadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air,
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O Cæſar! theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

Cæſ. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæſar ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæſar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets ſeen;
The heavens themſelves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæſ. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;

Seeing

Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What ſay the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to ſtir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

Caſ. The gods do this in ſhame of cowardice:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæſar ſhall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæſar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæſar ſhall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend Mark Antony to the ſenate-houſe;
And he ſhall ſay, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caſ. Mark Antony ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he ſhall tell them ſo.

Dec. Cæſar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæſar:
I come to fetch you to the ſenate-houſe.

Caſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the ſenators,

And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to-day: tell them ſo, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is ſick.

Cæſ. Shall Cæſar ſend a lie?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretch'd mine arm ſo far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæſar will not come.

Dec. Moſt mighty Cæſar, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at, when I tell them ſo.

Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfy the ſenate.
But, for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt to-night ſhe ſaw my ſtatua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood; and many luſty Romans
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And theſe does ſhe apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will ſtay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a viſion, fair and fortunate:
Your ſtatue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood; and that great men ſhall preſs
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is ſignify'd.

Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay:
And know it now; The ſenate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæſar.

ſhall ſend them word, you will not come,
minds may change. Beſides it were a mock
› be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
up the ſenate till another time,
Cæſar's wife ſhall meet with better dreams.
ſar hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
eſar is afraid?
n me, Cæſar; for my dear, dear love
ur proceeding bids me tell you this;
eaſon to my love is liable.
How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, Calphurnia;
ſhamed I did yield to them.—
ne my robe, for I will go:—

PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

ook where Publius is come to fetch me.
. Good morrow, Cæſar.
Welcome, Publius.—
, Brutus, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?—
-morrow, Caſca.—Caius Ligarius,
was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
at ſame ague which hath made you lean.—
is't o'clock?
Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
I thank you for your pains and courteſy.

Enter ANTONY.

Antony, that revels long o'nights,
withſtanding up:——
morrow, Antony.
So to moſt noble Cæſar.

Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæſar, I will:—and ſo near will I be, [*Aſide.*
That your beſt friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.

Cæſ. Good friends, go in, and taſte ſome wine with me;
And we, like friends, will ſtraightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O Cæſar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A ſtreet near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. Cæſar, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Caſſius; *come not near* Caſca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *truſt not* Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus *loves thee not; thou haſt wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar. *If thou be'ſt not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conſpiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,* Artemidorus.

Here will I ſtand, till Cæſar paſs along,
And as a ſuitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæſar, thou may'ſt live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Another part of the ſame ſtreet, before the houſe of Brutus.

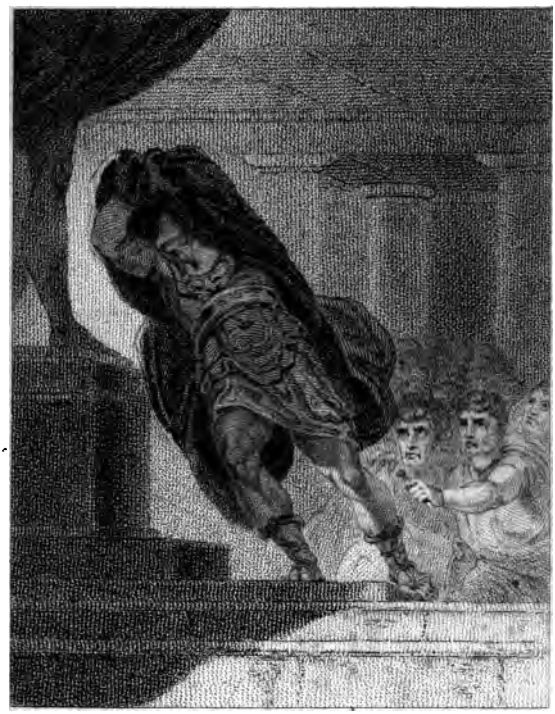
Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the ſenate-houſe;
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone:
Why doſt thou ſtay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there.—
O conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæſar doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well;
I heard a buſtling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothſayer.

Por. Come, hither, fellow:
Which way haſt thou been?
Sooth. At mine own houſe, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæſar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to Cæſar, haſt thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will pleaſe Cæſar
To be ſo good to Cæſar, as to hear me,
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.
Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None, that I know, will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæſar at the heels,
Of ſenators, of prætors, common ſuitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæſar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I muſt go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a ſuit,
That Cæſar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT



Julius Cæsar.

Act. 3. Scene. 1.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. The Capitol; the Senate ſitting.

rowd of people in the ſtreet leading to the Capitol; mong them ARTEMIDORUS, *and the* Soothſayer. *ouriſh. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, ECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTO-Y, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

æſ. The ides of March are come.
oth. Ay, Cæſar; but not gone.
rt. Hail, Cæſar! Read this ſchedule.
ec. Trebonius doth deſire you to o'er-read,
your beſt leiſure, this his humble ſuit.
rt. O, Cæſar, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit
it touches Cæſar nearer: Read it, great Cæſar.
æſ. What touches us ourſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.
rt. Delay not, Cæſar; read it inſtantly.
æſ. What, is the fellow mad?
ub. Sirrah, give place.
aſ. What urge you your petitions in the ſtreet?
ie to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the reſt following. All the Senators riſe.*

op. I wiſh your enterprize to-day may thrive.
aſ. What enterprize, Popilius?
op. Fare you well. [*advances to* CÆSAR.
ru. What ſaid Popilius Lena?

Caſ. He wiſh'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpoſe is diſcovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæſar: Mark him.

Caſ. Caſca, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what ſhall be done? If this be known,
Caſſius or Cæſar never ſhall turn back,
For I will ſlay myſelf.

Bru. Caſſius, be conſtant:
Popilius Lena ſpeaks not of our purpoſes;
For, look, he ſmiles, and Cæſar doth not change.

Caſ. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their ſeats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And preſently prefer his ſuit to Cæſar.

Bru. He is addreſs'd: preſs near, and ſecond him.

Cin. Caſca, you are the firſt that rears your hand.

Cæſ. Are we all ready? what is now amiſs,
That Cæſar, and his ſenate, muſt redreſs?

Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant Cæſar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy ſeat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*

Caſ. I muſt prevent thee, Cimber.
Theſe couchings, and theſe lowly courteſies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and firſt decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæſar bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words,
Low-crooked curt'ſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;

If

If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great Cæſar's ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?

Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæſar;
Deſiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæſ. What, Brutus!

Caſ. Pardon, Cæſar; Cæſar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Caſſius fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for Publius Cimber.

Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true-fix'd, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The ſkies are painted with unnumber'd ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little ſhow it, even in this;
That I was conſtant Cimber ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cin. O Cæſar,—

Cæſ. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæſar,—

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Doth not Brutus bootleſs kneel?

Caſca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA *ſtabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then ſtabb'd by ſeveral other conſpirators, and at laſt by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæſ. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæſar.

[*Dies. The ſenators and people retire in confuſion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets.

Caſ. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement!

Bru. People and ſenators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; ſtand ſtill:—ambition's debt is paid.

Caſca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Caſſius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friend of Cæſar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of ſtanding;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no Roman elſe: ſo tell them, Publius.

Caſ. And leave us, Publius; leſt that the people,
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

Bru. Do ſo;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Caſ. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his houſe amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomſday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures:—
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.
Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæſar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, ſtoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæſar's blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted over,
In ſtates unborn, and accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times ſhall Cæſar bleed in ſport,
That now on Pompey's baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?
Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſ. Ay, every man away:
Brutus ſhall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt and beſt hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being proſtrate, thus he bade me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant, and honeſt;

Cæſar

Cæſar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæſar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchſafe, that Antony
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How Cæſar hath deſerv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony ſhall not love Cæſar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod ſtate,
With all true faith. So ſays my maſter Antony.

Bru. Thy maſter is a wiſe and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,
He ſhall be ſatisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit* Serv.

Bru. I know that we ſhall have him well to friend.

Caſ. I wiſh, we may: but yet I have a mind,
That fears him much: and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæſar! Doſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank:
If I myſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As Cæſar's death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth, as thoſe your ſwords, made rich

With

With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoke,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no mean of death,
As here by Cæſar, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæſar. For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in ſtrength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's,
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love Cæſar when I ſtruck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
Firſt, Marcus Brutus, will I ſhake with you;—
Next, Caius Caſſius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and my valiant Caſca, yours;—

Though

Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæſar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt noble in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall; and here thy hunters ſtand,
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and crimſon'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, ſtricken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lie?

Caſ. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Caſſius:
The enemies of Cæſar ſhall ſay this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing Cæſar ſo;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæſar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;

Upon

Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons,
Why, and wherein, Cæſar was dangerous.
Bru. Or elſe were this a ſavage ſpectacle:
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the ſon of Cæſar,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeek:
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You ſhall, Mark Antony.
Caſ. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; Do not conſent, [*Aſide.*
That Antony ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myſelf into the pulpit firſt,
And ſhow the reaſon of our Cæſar's death:
What Antony ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave and by permiſſion;
And that we are contented, Cæſar ſhall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Caſ. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here take you Cæſar's body.
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of Cæſar;
And ſay you do't by our permiſſion;
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant.

Ant. Be it ſo;
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with cuſtom of fell deeds:
And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let ſlip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You ſerve Octavius Cæſar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæſar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:

And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæſar!— [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Paſſion, I ſee, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy maſter coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within ſeven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of ſafety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet, ſtay a while;
Thou ſhalt not back, till I have borne this corſe
Into the market-place: there ſhall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young Octavius of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* CÆSAR's *body.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS, *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Cit. We will be ſatisfied; let us be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers.—
Thoſe that will hear me ſpeak, let them ſtay here;
Thoſe that will follow Caſſius, go with him;
And publick reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of Cæſar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus ſpeak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Caſſius; and compare their reaſons, When ſeverally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with ſome of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the roſtrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is aſcended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the laſt.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe: cenſure me in your wiſdom; and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus' love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer,—Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here ſo baſe, that would be a bondman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. I pauſe for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*ſeveral ſpeaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhould do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not

not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he ſuffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY, *and Others, with* Cæſar's *body*.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you ſhall not? With this I depart; That as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2 *Cit.* Give him a ſtatue with his anceſtors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæſar.

4 *Cit.* Cæſar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his houſe with ſhouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; ſilence! Brutus ſpeaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæſar's corpſe, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to Cæſar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have ſpoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' ſake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he ſay of Brutus?
3 *Cit.* He ſays, for Brutus' ſake,
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæſar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bleſs'd, that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can ſay.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me:
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæſar hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff:
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,

Which

Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe;
What cauſe withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, maſters?
I fear, there will a worſe come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
Have ſtood againſt the world: now lies he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf, and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of Cæſar,

I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this teſtament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiſs dead Cæſar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their iſſue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæſar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæſar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæſar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you ſhould, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You ſhall read us the will; Cæſar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
I have o'er-ſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd Cæſar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the teſtament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpſe of Cæſar,
And let me ſhow you him that made the will.
Shall I deſcend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* You ſhall have leave.
4 *Cit.* A ring; ſtand round.
1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.
2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—moſt noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me; ſtand far off.
Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on;
'Twas on a ſummer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Caſſius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Caſca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it;
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæſar lov'd him!
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all:
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls, what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæſar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Cit.* We will be reveng'd: revenge; about,—ſeek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—ſlay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me publick leave to ſpeak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood: I only ſpeak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourſelves do know;
Show you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them ſpeak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

Cit.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the houſe of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, moſt noble Antony.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæſar thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I muſt tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Moſt true;—the will;—let's ſtay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæſar's ſeal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every ſeveral man, ſeventy five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Moſt noble Cæſar!—We'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæſar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards,
On this ſide Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourſelves.
Here was a Cæſar: When comes ſuch another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houſes.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæſar's houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight to viſit him:
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him ſay, Brutus and Caſſius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike, they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter CINNA *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feaſt with Cæſar,
And things unluckily charge my fantaſy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?
2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?
3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?
4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 *Cit.* Anſwer every man directly.
1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
4 *Cit.* Ay, and wiſely.
3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to anſwer every man directly, and briefly, wiſely, and truly. Wiſely I ſay, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to ſay, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæſar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is anſwer'd directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, ſir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conſpirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verſes, tear him for his bad verſes.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conſpirator.

4 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Caſſius'; burn all. Some to Decius' houſe, and ſome to Caſca's; ſome to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in Antony's *Houſe.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *ſeated at a table.*

Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too muſt die; Conſent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do conſent.
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius ſhall not live,
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, Mark Antony.
Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæſar's houſe;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.
Lep. What, ſhall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.
Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prick'd to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.
Ant. Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you:
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſlanderous loads,
He ſhall but bear them as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,

Either

Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is Lepidus but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-ſpirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Liſten great things.—Brutus and Caſſius
Are levying powers: we muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretch'd out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.

Oct. Let us do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' *tent, in the camp near* Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and Soldiers:* TITINIUS, *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand here.
Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Caſſius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.
[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.
Bru. He greets me well.—Your maſter, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble maſter will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be reſolv'd.
Luc. With courteſy, and with reſpect enough;
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,

Make

Make gallant ſhow and promiſe of their mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſts, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with Caſſius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

Caſ. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Caſ. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?

Caſ. Brutus, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs!
And when you do them—

Bru. Caſſius, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which ſhould perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Caſſius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Caſ. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man

Come

Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius *and* Titinius *at ſome diſtance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Caſ. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man, were ſlighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf, to write in ſuch a caſe.

Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence ſhould bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To ſell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.

Caſ. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that ſpeak this,
Or, by the gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.

Bru. The name of Caſſius honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide his head.

Caſ. Chaſtiſement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for juſtice' ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now

Contaminate

nínate our fingers with baſe bribes?
ll the mighty ſpace of our large honours,
much traſh, as may be graſped thus?—
ather be a dog, and bay the moon,
ſuch a Roman.

Brutus, bay not me,
t endure it: you forget yourſelf,
dge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
in practice, abler than yourſelf
ke conditions.

Go to; you're not, Caſſius.

I am.

I ſay, you are not.

Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf;
nind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Away, ſlight man!

Is't poſſible?

Hear me, for I will ſpeak.

give way and room to your raſh choler?
be frighted, when a madman ſtares?
O ye gods! ye gods! Muſt I endure all this?
All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
ow your ſlaves how cholerick you are,
ake your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
your teſty humour? By the gods,
all digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
h it do ſplit you: for, from this day forth,
you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
you are waſpiſh.

Is it come to this?

You ſay, you are a better ſoldier:
ppear ſo; make your vaunting true,

And it ſhall pleaſe me well: For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.
Caſ. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier, not a better:
Did I ſay, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Caſ. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Caſ. I durſt not?
Bru. No.
Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raiſe no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces!
Caſ. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.

Caſ.

Caſ. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my anſwer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend ſhould bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practiſe them on me.
Caſ. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caſ. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Caſ. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius,
For Caſſius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O, I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'ſt a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didſt at Cæſar; for, I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.
Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, ſhows a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.
Caſ. Hath Caſſius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd, too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Caſ. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Caſſius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

[*Noiſe within.*

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to ſee the generals;
There is ſome grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You ſhall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet.

Caſ. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I am ſure, than ye.

Caſ. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhime!

Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.

Caſ. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his faſhion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jigging fools?
Companion, hence.

Caſ. Away, away, begone. [*Exit* Poet.

Enter

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Caſ. And come yourſelves, and bring Meſſala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Caſ. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.
Bru. O Caſſius, I am ſick of many griefs.
Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears ſorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Caſ. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſs'd you ſo?—
O inſupportable and touching loſs!—
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And died ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindneſs, Caſſius. [*Drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge;

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Meſſala.—
Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. Portia! art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Meſ. Myſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Meſ. That by proſcription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred ſenators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſeventy ſenators, that died
By their proſcriptions, Cicero being one.
Caſ. Cicero one?
Meſ. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proſcription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Meſſala.
Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Meſſala.
Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aſk you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Meſ. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Meſ.

Meſ. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We muſt die, Meſſala:
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſ. Even ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſ. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi preſently?
Caſ. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy ſeek us:
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſs.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.
Caſ. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cauſe is ripe:
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat;
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

Caſ. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourſelves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity;
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay?

Caſ. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.] Farewell, good Meſſala;—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Caſſius,
Good night, and good repoſe.

Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Caſ. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Meſ. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt* CAS. TIT. *and* MES.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy inſtrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?

Poor

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, ſirs, lie in my tent, and ſleep!
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſs to my brother Caſſius.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo: lie down, good ſirs;
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Servants *lie down.*
Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an it pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, ſir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.
Bru. It is well done; and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick, and a ſong.*
This is a ſleepy tune:—O murd'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muſick?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will

I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me ſee, let me ſee;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He ſits down.*

Enter the Ghoſt of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome god, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;
Then I ſhall ſee thee again?

Ghoſt. Ay, at Philippi.

[Ghoſt *vaniſhes.*

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
Ill ſpirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks, he ſtill is at his inſtrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didſt thou dream, Lucius, that thou ſo cry'dſt out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt: Didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc.

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, ſirs, in your ſleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Caſſius;
Bid him ſet on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are anſwered:
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Anſwering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To viſit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhow;
Their bloody ſign of battle is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

Drum.

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army*; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and Others.*

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.
Caſ. Stand faſt, Titinius: We muſt out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, ſhall we give ſign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæſar, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have ſome words.
Oct. Stir not until the ſignal.
Bru. Words before blows: Is it ſo, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witneſs the hole you made in Cæſar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæſar!*
Caſ. Antony,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.
Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O, yes, and ſoundleſs too:
For you have ſtol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wiſely, threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains, you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of Cæſar:
You ſhow'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kiſſing Cæſar's feet;
Whilſt damned Caſca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæſar on the neck. O flatterers!
Caſ. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourſelf:
This tongue had not offended ſo to-day,
If Caſſius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cauſe: If arguing make us ſweat,
The

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you that the ſword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæſar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæſar
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.

Bru. Cæſar, thou canſt not die by traitors' hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' ſword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy ſtrain,
Young man, thou could'ſt not die more honourable.

Caſ. A peeviſh ſchoolboy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Caſſius ſtill!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Caſ. Why now, blow, wind; ſwell, billow; and ſwim, bark!
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!
Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converſe apart.*

Caſ. Meſſala,—

Meſ. What ſays my general?

Caſ. Meſſala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Caſſius born. Give me thy hand, Meſſala:
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus ſtrong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their ſteads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghoſt.

Meſ. Believe not ſo.

Caſ. I but believe it partly;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all perils very conſtantly.

Bru. Even ſo, Lucilius.

Caſ. Now, moſt noble Brutus,
The gods to-day ſtand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, ſince the affairs of men reſt ſtill uncertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this battle, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philoſophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himſelf;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life:—arming myſelf with patience,

To

To ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
That govern us below.
Caſ. Then, if we loſe this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the ſtreets of Rome?
Bru. No, Caſſius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
Muſt end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we ſhall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlaſting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Caſſius!
If we do meet again, why we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs, ere it come!
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Meſſala, ride, and give theſe bills
Unto the legions on the other ſide: [*Loud alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Meſſala; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The ſame. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Caſ. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This enſign here of mine was turning back;
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Caſſius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having ſome advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Caſſius, fly far off.
Caſ. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are thoſe my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Caſ. Titinius, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Caſ. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My ſight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.

This day I breathed firſt: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run his compaſs.—Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*above.*] O my lord!
Caſ. What news?
Pin. Titinius is
Encloſed round about with horſemen, that
Make to him on the ſpur;—yet he ſpurs on.—
Now they are almoſt on him; now, Titinius!—
Now ſome 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—and hark! [*Shout*
They ſhout for joy.
Caſ. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, ſirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee priſoner;
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhould'ſt attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath
Now be a freeman; and, with this good ſword,
That ran through Cæſar's bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword.—Cæſar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the ſword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my will. O Caſſius!
Far from this country Pindarus ſhall run,
Where never Roman ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-ent.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mef. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Caffius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort Caſſius.
Mef. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All diſconſolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mef. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mef. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Meſſala,
But Caſſius is no more.—O ſetting ſun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood Caſſius' day is ſet;
The ſun of Rome is ſet! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Mef. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhow to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mef. Seek him, Titinius; whilſt I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thruſting this report
Into his ears: I may ſay, thruſting it;
For piercing ſteel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this ſight.
Tit. Hie you, Meſſala,

And I will ſeek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit* MESSA
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave Caſſius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didſt thou not hear t
ſhouts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And ſee how I regarded Caius Caſſius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Caſſius' ſword, and find Titinius' heart. [*I*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CA
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS,

Bru. Where, where, Meſſala, doth his body lie?
Meſ. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is ſlain.
Bru. O Julius Cæſar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy ſpirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alar*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Caſſius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living ſuch as theſe?—
The laſt of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impoſſible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.—
I ſhall find time, Caſſius, I ſhall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thaſſos ſend his body;

His funerals ſhall not be in our camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, ſet our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, ſoldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*
Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dieſt as bravely as Titinius;
And may'ſt be honour'd being Cato's ſon.
1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou dieſt.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 *Sold.* We muſt not.—A noble priſoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is ſafe enough:
I dare aſſure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himſelf.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I aſſure you,
A prize no leſs in worth: keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And ſee whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead;
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, reſt on this rock.
Cli. Statilius ſhow'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or ſlain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in faſhion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [*whiſpering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru.

Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myſelf.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*whiſpers him.*
Dar. I do ſuch a deed?
Cli. O, Dardanius!
Dar. O, Clitus!
Cli. What ill requeſt did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; liſt a word.
Vol. What ſays my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghoſt of Cæſar hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this laſt night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.
Vol. Not ſo, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, Volumnius.
Thou ſee'ſt the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy, to leap in ourſelves,
Than tarry till they puſh us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my ſword-hilts, whilſt I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum ſtill.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this loſing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within*; Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

I pr'ythee, Strato, ſtay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of honour in it:
Hold then my ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand firſt: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæſar, now be ſtill;
I kill'd thee not with half ſo good a will.

[*He runs on his ſword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Meſ. My maſter's man.—Strato, where is thy maſter?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Meſſala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himſelf,
And no man elſe hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus ſhould be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou haſt prov'd Lucilius' ſaying true.

Oct.

Oct. All that ſerv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?

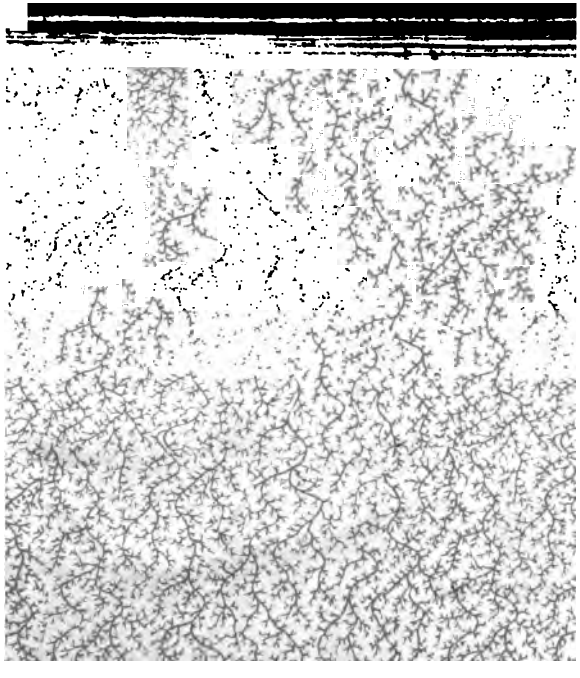
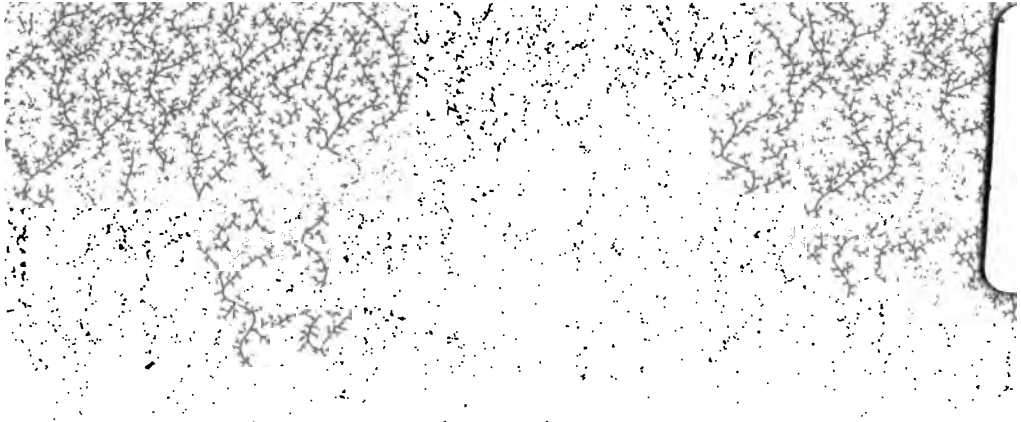
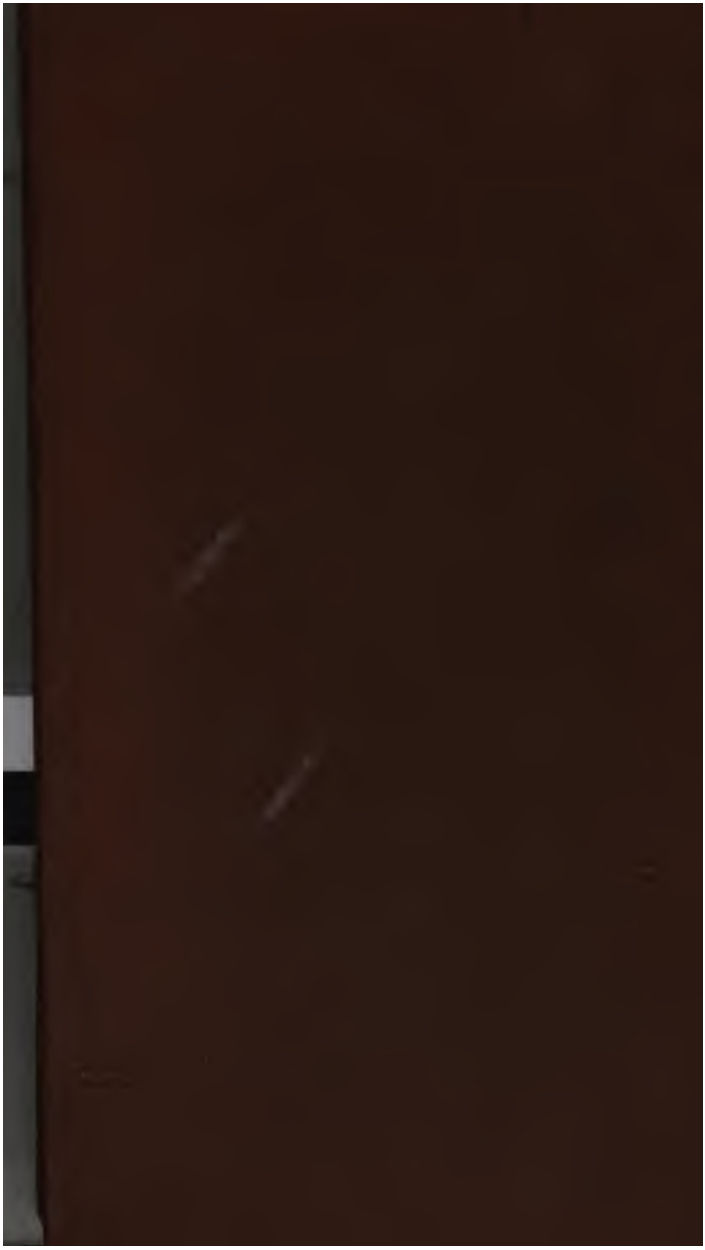
Stra. Ay, if Meſſala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do ſo, Meſſala.

Mef. How died my maſter, Strato?

Stra. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.

Mef. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæſar;
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us uſe him,
With all reſpect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night ſhall lie,
Moſt like a ſoldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to reſt: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*